

DO our Archbishops Ever Read the BIBLE?

SATURDAY REVIEW

Volume 161
6th June 1936

Price Sixpence
Weekly

Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Archbishops approved when English Youths refused to fight for their King and Country—but urge them to fight like Kilkenny cats for the moribund League without arms, ammunition or trained men.

Onward, Christian soldiers !

With the cross of Jesus

Christ the royal Master,
Leads against the

foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners
go :

Marching as to war,

Going on before.

**Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.**

At the sign of triumph

On then, Christian soldiers,

Hell's foundations quiver

At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

Satan's legions flee ;

On to victory !

At the shout of praise ;

Like a mighty army

Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,

All one body we,
One in hope and
doctrine,
One in charity.

Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail :
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Said his Bishop to The Revd. Baring Gould, author of this famous hymn:
"I don't quite like the lines 'With the Cross of Jesus Going on before.' It rather savours of Rome—could you alter it?"

"Certainly" said Mr. Baring Gould, "would you prefer the words 'With the Cross of Jesus left behind the door'?"

Reprinted from the "Morning Post"

SHIPS AND MEN

THE Government have once more reaffirmed their resolve to scrap five serviceable "C" class cruisers before the end of 1936, but they have thrown not a glimmer of fresh light on the mystery. Why is it necessary to inaugurate their programme of naval rearmament by scrapping cruisers? It still remains unexplained what has caused them to reverse their interpretation of the London Naval Treaty as expounded by Mr. Baldwin on March 11, 1935. On that occasion Mr. Baldwin was extolling the zeal and forbearance of the Government in the cause of disarmament. He pointed to the two 35,000-ton battleships recently laid down by Italy, to the two similar ships laid down by France in reply, to the "large number of submarines and light cruisers which have been built by Powers who are not parties to that agreement." All this, he said, was "ample tonnage to enable us, had we so desired, to invoke the Article of that Treaty which permitted us to increase our tonnage." THE SUBMISSION NOW IS THAT NONE OF THAT NEW BUILDING BY OTHER POWERS JUSTIFIES THIS COUNTRY IN INVOKING THE ARTICLE TO SAVE THE FIVE CRUISERS. Mr. Baldwin, it appears, made a slip of the tongue when he included "light cruisers" in the list. The ships in question, we are told, were merely French destroyers of an ambiguous classification about whose impending construction we were already fully informed when we signed the Treaty.

Granted that the "light cruisers" were a rhetorical exaggeration on the part of Mr. Baldwin, at any rate the four 35,000-ton battleships and the numerous destroyers are not disputed. Let us quote the relevant words in the "escalator" clause of the Treaty.

If, during the term of the present Treaty, the requirements of the national security of any High Contracting Party in respect of vessels of war limited by Part III. of the present Treaty [that is, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines] are in the opinion of that Party materially affected by new construction of any Power other than those who have joined in Part III. of this Treaty, that High Contracting Party shall notify the other Parties to Part III. as to the increase required to be made in its own tonnages within one or more categories of such vessels of war

To deny ourselves, in the name of Treaty observance, the exercise of a right which the Treaty clearly permits is surely pushing virtue to a quixotic extremity. On a further vital matter, the supply of munitions, we would also hope that Sir Thomas Inskip's speech in the House of Commons yesterday does not represent the last word of the Government. If doubts persist as to the earnestness of the Government in rehabilitating our neglected defences, it is the Government's own fault. When they sacrifice five serviceable cruisers, and boggle at such an essential step as making the supply of munitions a special responsibility, who can dismiss misgivings?

The SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED
IN
1855

No. 4209 Vol. 161
6th JUNE, 1936

Written by Patriots for Patriots

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Scarcely Fit for Animals

Sir Walter Citrine, General Secretary of the T.U.C., in a series of articles on “Labour,” devotes much space to a description of the housing conditions in Russia.

“There is not the least doubt,” he says, “that the present housing programme, extensive as it is, is not only not catching up with arrears but is not even keeping pace with the growth of population. In the country districts, the congestion is rather terrible. Several times I asked the Russian officials with whom I came in contact to show me some new housing which had been provided by the Soviets for the peasants. But not in a single instance was this done. I was told that the peasants looked after themselves. In other words, that they built their own houses. . . In my travels I could not see much evidence of new building of any kind in the villages.

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“I saw married couples living in the same room where from fifteen to twenty single men were accommodated. More often than not, no water was laid on to these barracks, and washing had to be done outside or in a small porch, with water brought from a neighbouring pump. Nor was there any provision for cooking beyond oil stoves in many of them. At Dnieproges I was told that there were 40,000 people living in such conditions.”

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“It was very discouraging to me to find the conditions I have depicted. As may be imagined, I had some difficulty in investigating conditions which are generally not obtruded on the notice of the average visitor. After eighteen years of revolution, there are people still living there in conditions scarcely fit for animals, much less human beings.”

Sir Walter thinks that the rents even for such accommodation are likely to be increased in due course.

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The decline in morals in Russia, of which these figures are a sufficient proof, is a direct result of the anti-religious campaign which is maintained by the Soviet Government. Only 78 out of a total of 22,308 weddings were solemnised in the churches in Moscow during the first five months of 1935.

Information.

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Tear-Gas and the Protocol

If we are obliged to make use of the tear-gas which we have in Palestine, it will be a technical breach of the Geneva gas protocol. But only technical.

The protocol forbids the use of poison gas. But poison gas is a very vague term, and it has been felt for a long time that the protocol should be revised in more explicit terms to distinguish between real poison gases such as, on the whole, are of low military value because they can be countered by the use of anti-gas respirators, and the lachrymatory types of gases which have a higher military value and, being temporary in their effects, are the more humane.

Mustard gas is an example of a midway difficult case.

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Half-Hour Influenza

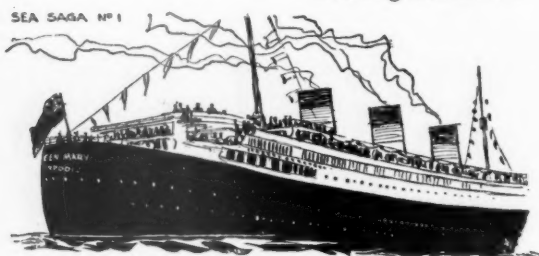
Tear and “knock-out” gases are so far from being exceptionally cruel that they are used in many countries—including the U.S.A.—for quelling civil riots and disturbances. The effects of tear-gas wear off in a few moments, so that it has largely an alarm value.

In America an arsenical gas is now being used which inflicts all the symptoms of influenza. But

after half an hour they disappear entirely. There is also a "sickening gas," which causes vomiting.

Yet all these gases are theoretically banned by the Geneva protocol.

Evening Standard.



The League and War

The League of Nations . . . has been diverted from its true purpose.

Rather than being an instrument for peace, it seems to have developed into one for war.

There were great hopes, at one time, especially after the tardy admission of Germany to the Council, that the great nations, together with their lesser brethren, would settle once and for all their grievances and disputes, and remove causes for grief and for fears.

At Geneva

The advent of Soviet Russia, represented by her Foreign Commissar, M. Litvinoff, after strange and secret meetings at Geneva, seems to have changed the whole purpose of the League; and its members have demonstrably come more and more under his domination.

As paralysis has seemed to grip the States of Europe, outside purposeful Germany and Italy, with political chaos and civil disturbance, and financial crises as their chief characteristics, the distraught peoples have been thrust ever towards the Gadarene slope which leads to Bolshevism.

Speaking with the same voice and expressing identical sentiments, the representatives of France, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Rumania, encircling Germany, have already completed military alliances which seem to threaten the integrity of the German National State.

The political gospels which they espoused also appear to be those of the Bolshevik concept. In Central Europe Germany alone seems to stand as a rock impregnable against the military designs and political objectives of the Bolsheviks enthroned at Moscow, Paris and Prague.

The Empire

The British Empire offers the greatest wealth of unprotected loot in world history. The peoples of the Dominions and Colonies are attached to the Mother Country by the warmest feelings of common racial origins and culture,

The unexampled tributes of loyalty to the Throne on the occasion of the Jubilee of His late beloved Majesty King George V astonished the world.

It is not many years since we could count upon the unquestioned devotion of the varied peoples of India and of those other coloured peoples who are joined to the British Empire. Our resources are immense . . .

There can be no doubt that if we offer true leadership, strong, purposive, animated by righteousness, the Empire will rally to us in this hour of doubt and disillusion.

Britain, Arise!

It would be an outrage, surely, if from momentary weakness, cowardice or mere selfishness, we refused to set our own house in order, permitting the Bolshevik within our gates to seize control of the British destiny . . .

There are records, little less than criminal in their intent, that the Army, the Navy and the Air Force are being infiltrated with Bolshevik agents, while the foul gospel of Moscow is being assiduously fomented among the unfortunate and the ignorant, with the object that in a crisis power shall be seized by the Bolshevik invader.

The way for Great Britain is plain. The talisman of British freedom has always been courageous leadership. The vital need for Great Britain is to realise her own internal strength, to which the faces of the common people bear full witness.

Let Britain arise in her might, and take her stand in the path of Bolshevism!

LORD QUEENBOROUGH in the *Sunday Dispatch*.



What They Think in Italy

An American friend just back from Rome tells me that both British and American residents there are aghast at the crazy way we wobble along, still keeping up sanctions, with the conquest of Abyssinia so long a fact.

He says the Italians are all afire to get at us in the Mediterranean. They are sure they have us, fleet and all, in the hollow of their hands, and everybody told him that 200 Italian aviators have offered to dump themselves, with their loaded planes, slap on British battleships, so as to be sure of getting home. But while anger and bitterness fester there we must wait for the League to meet again, a fortnight hence. And then what?

On Thursday Signor Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, called on Mr. Eden for the first time since the conquest and told him that Mussolini wanted to be friends again. What crazy idiots we shall be if, frankly and cheerfully, we don't hasten to clear up this mess.

Sir Sidney Barton is coming home shortly, anyhow. We ought to close our Legation at Addis Ababa forthwith, and call it a day. We piped—but the rest of the League would not dance, and it's all over.

Sad, of course But we can't have it all ways. Our children are taught to ignore Empire in the schools, on Empire Day. They can't go to the Tattoo. And though we are now worrying about the route to India, that also seems strange, seeing that the National Government fought doggedly for two years—aided enthusiastically by the Socialists—to give India away.

COLLINSON OWEN in the *Sunday Pictorial*.

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Petty Socialists

The Education Committee of the Socialist L.C.C. has deprived its secondary schools of the right to organise officers' training and cadet corps—a right which many had exercised in the past with excellent results.

By petty obstructive acts, such as the refusal of school accommodation to a small band of Royal Engineer Cadets and the withholding from a party of children permission to go to the Aldershot Tattoo, though their expenses were to be defrayed by a private donor, the Committee has abundantly proved its determination to interfere with private liberty whenever its exercise conflicts with the Socialist party dogma.

In all matters relating to voluntary service the Socialist boroughs take their cue from County Hall. Hackney refuses to exhibit recruiting

SEA SAGA NO. 3



OLD SOLDIERS



OAK APPLE DAY was celebrated at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode acknowledging the cheers after his inspection.

posters outside municipal offices. Southwark refuses a week's pay to those of its employees who choose to go to a Territorial camp.

With such actions fresh in the public mind it will be hard for Mr. Morrison to convince the rate-payers of London that his critics of municipal Socialism are merely reckless jingoes whose aim is, in his own words, to "Hitlerise the schools."

Evening Standard.

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Anti-Recruiting Incitement

It is the duty of the City of London—which has always been loyal to King and Country—to repudiate the anti-recruiting folly of that "Labour Party" cleric, known as "Dick" Sheppard, who is a Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. Under the influence of defeatism, substituted for Christianity, and preached as a religion, the Territorial Army is dwindling at the rate of 1,000 men a month. What deeper degradation can there be than his message to young men that no ideal of right or wrong must be set above the avoidance of war, and that they must be prepared to commit any other crime rather than fight? Canon Sheppard boasts that he has pledged thousands of lads to refuse to defend the land that bore them. His letter to the Press, inviting them to his pacifist counter-demonstration on Empire Day, urged young men to prepare:—

"Especially for the bugle call, the white feather, the recruiting poster, the conscription act, and even for the devilry of an excited Fascist police."
—*Islington Gazette*, 22 May, 1936.

It is the duty of the City of London to repudiate Canon Sheppard's disgraceful attempt to interfere with recruiting.

The Patriot.

Do Our Archbishops

By "HISTORICUS"



Holy ikons, figures of saints, costly vestments and valuable paintings, torn down from the lovely Simonoff Monastery in Moscow by Red soldiers.

BOLSHEVISM is extending its strangling tentacles into every unthinking, careless British heart to-day. Spain is Red. France turns Red. The whole of the Near East—so vital to Britain's trade and survival—is riddled with Red propaganda, and only saved from being blood red crimson by our former good friend and ally Japan whom God preserve.

In the heart of the Empire MacDonald and his coadjutor Baldwin, through the agency of their puppet, Eden, have so misdirected foreign policy that Britain is now in attachment with Moscow through Geneva and the Franco-Soviet Pact.

Russia menaces like a slimy serpent. Germany and Italy, powerfully armed Powers, have been driven—and kept—into enmity by the Eden policy which is menacing like a lowering storm cloud.

And the politicians at Whitehall delay rearmament and have encouraged the nation to belittle the danger. Even now Baldwin airily talks of no conscription and Duff Cooper has denied that Britons must fight for their country.

THIS COUNTRY IS FOUNDED ON CHRISTIAN TRADITIONS.

But the Government is trying its damndest to betray us to the Godless system of Moscow,

and the Archbishops, leaders of the Christian churches in England, aid and abet their treachery.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND OTHER CLERICS HAVE TAKEN SIDES AGAINST BRITAIN, TO HELP THE BOLSHEVISTS, BY ATTACKING ITALY.

They have condoned, encouraged and aided in preaching a sloppy internationalism, they have supported the Eden policy of offering to an armed world a maximum of insolent effrontery with a minimum of preparedness for war—and they call themselves Ministers of Peace!

They have taught this generation the fallacious belief that to fight in defence of their own country is against the teachings of Christ, but to fight for far Abyssinia against a great and friendly nation is holy and righteous.

Christ said that whosoever believed in Him must do the will of his Father. He said "I come to fulfil the Law."

What, to Jesus of Nazareth, was the receptacle of the Father's will? What was the law that he came to fulfil? It was that collection of inspired writings that we now know as the Old Testament.

The Old Testament teems with injunctions to fight and make battle. There is nowhere any injunction to disarm and lie down before the foe.

Does the Archbishop, do the Bishops and the clerics, deny that Britain is a precious spiritual heritage? And yet they encourage, incite and egg on non-resistance against a force that is working to engulf Christianity here as it has been engulfed in Russia.

Christ said—"I come not to bring peace but a sword!"

Can any man who has studied the scriptures maintain that the teachings of Holy Writ would lead to so dismal an end to the Church as in Russia to-day, the Church that—in the past swept the world fighting with the Crusades? Did the Archbishop of Canterbury write these shameful words: "The new patriotism is internationalism," the glib slogan displayed outside a London Church?

What is "internationalism"? the S.R.'s definition of this word is "TREACHERY to England and the Empire."

Ever Read the Bible??

In practice here it is a deferring of Britain to Russia, the wilful flinging of the Christian Church to the ravishers of Russian freedom and honour.

IN THESE DAYS WHEN INDIFFERENTISM AND PAGANISM AND INFIDELITY ARE RIFE THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN WORLD, BRITAIN SHOULD BE THE FOUR-SQUARE BULWARK OF THE FAITH, A TRUE DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

To persuade ignorant masses that the true teachings of the Church are the teachings of non-resistance; to persuade them that Christ would forbid a defence, either by policies or arms, of the integrity of Britain, is to betray both the people and the words of Jesus Christ.

To-day the cry of the Church should be a cry to arms in defence of the thing which is threatened—in defence of British civilisation, which is threatened by Bolshevism.

If Christianity means anything theologically, it means the perfection of Faith. The New Testament is not the contradiction of the Old Testament, but its completion.

From both spring the doctrine that the Church must fight to be saved from assault, and that the lessons of the Church must be conserved.

IT IS FROM THE BIBLE THAT OUR CHIVALRY COMES. IT IS FROM THERE THAT WE DERIVED THE HONOURING OF WOMEN AND THE SANCTITY OF THE FAMILY.

There is no such honouring of women, there is no sanctity of the family in the Bolshevik code.

Let the Archbishop realise that by playing into the hands of Anthony Eden and the League of Nations Union he serves the purpose of Litvinoff. The purpose of Litvinoff is not the serving of Christ but serving Satan: it is the destruction of Christ.

Those who would preserve the basis on which our civilisation rests must arm and be strong. They must quit themselves like men against the gathering forces that threaten us.

We do not want to-day namby-pamby teachings of non-resistance. We want swords about the Cross.

The aim of Russia has been to keep Britain weak. The work of our Ministers of State who have served Russia, and of those stupid people who have been bamboozled by Russia has kept Britain weak.

EVERY WORD THAT ANY PRELATE SPEAKS THAT AIDS THAT WORK INJURES THE CHURCH.



Moscow's most famous church, the Cathedral of the Redeemer, has been pulled down to make way for a "temple of labour."

Let our Ecclesiastics ponder policies carefully before they rush to support them. Let them master the teachings of Holy Writ before they exhort great meetings to take a line of action that can only lead to the downfall of Christian Britain, and the apotheosis of Godless pagan Russia.

Let them know that now is the day when he that hath not a sword should sell his garment and buy a sword.

IT IS NOT ONLY AN ECONOMIC REGIME THAT IS ENDANGERED: IT IS THE VERY SOUL OF CHRISTENDOM.

It is bitter enough that British politicians should betray the land—but when they are joined and upheld by the heads of the Church itself despair may well afflict us.

But this thing can and must be stayed. If the bearers of Holy Office turn traitor, let the laity bring them to a sense of their true allegiance. And let us cleanse our hearts and pray to God to help us and sing that splendid old hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers" as our battle-cry.

Betrayed by Our Politicians

By KIM

MEMBERS of Parliament are gradually awakening to the dangers which threaten the safety of the realm from outside. At the same time this requires qualification, because of 615 members in all, a considerable number who follow Mr. Baldwin are pacifist by instinct, which proclaims them at once as insular and ignorant; others slavishly follow the leader whithersoever he may not lead, and others, again, the Socialists, lacking logic and commonsense as always, are ready to invoke the League of Nations to drag us into a disastrous war and yet set their faces solemnly against a Re-armament Policy of any sort. And God knows that the existing policy, which the accommodating Government supporters benignly support, is only playing with fire.

These and other signs of apathy are causing a new outlook among the virile Powers of Europe. Italians, we are told, are out to "debunk" us, and to a nation whose gospel is militant patriotism, there are unfortunately only too many openings, which can cause a virile people to wonder what there is in the British character to warrant them to hold the greatest Empire the world has ever known, and who seem anxious on the least excuse to dissipate it. The Germans, at the same time, are enunciating the theory that Great Britain and France are "tired," that is, effete, and when both France and ourselves are temporising more and more with Communism, and taking the accursed Russians to our bosom, this view is not to be wondered at.

Are the British people effete? Are they tired? Is the trident of Britannia falling from palsied hands? It is not really a true picture, though it may justly seem so. It may be a more truthful picture to assert that the nation is as a whole lazy and trusting. It is very ignorant of politics, failing to realise that politics are Big Business. It is in no sense politically-minded and so, in a pathetic way thinks that if it goes about in masses screaming for peace there will be peace. Half of it is taught that to be Conservative and uphold the national defences and maintain a powerful Empire is a form of militarism, these being quite incapable of grasping the fundamental truth, known since

the world began, namely, that power, rulership, and wealth go to the strong and that the weak become slaves.

But there are still millions who believe the pernicious doctrine of the League of Nations Union that a conclave of pacifists can maintain peace, with all the advantages on their side by making rules which they are totally incapable of enforcing.

The British nation is not effete. It is extremely energetic, but its energy is misplaced. It seeks an outlet in sport which may be overdone and is, in fact, to-day a fetish. The tragedy is that the nation has been betrayed—the word is used in a measured sense—by its political leaders in power. There is not a single man in the Cabinet to-day who has recognised the immense dangers threatening us, which will culminate in the next two or three years or less, in a situation of the utmost gravity. Can it be surprising when the Prime Minister himself, Mr. Baldwin, actually complained to an audience recently that he was not responsible for the situation to-day? That the Prime Minister should publicly shirk his responsibility would be a joke were it not so tragic. He and he alone is responsible, because, as Lady Houston has said, not once but many times, he dissipated the Conservative spirit, he dragged his evil genius the pro-Bolshevik Ramsay MacDonald into office with him and even sat at his feet until his failures became too notorious, and he alone is responsible for the twin curses, disarmament and Mr. Eden with his Bolshevik Foreign policy.



Mr. Stanley Baldwin

SOWING AT HARVEST-TIME

The danger is due to two broad causes. The first is the obvious refusal of the Government, despite all warnings, to take the question of rearmament seriously. Only the other day Sir Thomas Inskip, a mere lawyer, whose position as responsible for defences is of itself ridiculous, preened himself on his arrangements and said that in eight months—*eight months mark you!*—gauges would be ready and some time later tools could be made for new munitions. A few days later he announced with pride that seven important motor firms were going to combine to manufacture engines. "We are sowing," he said complacently. "Two years ago was the time to make a move," interposed Mr. Churchill, whose criticisms only aroused a sneer from Sir Thomas Inskip. We certainly are sowing—the wind!

Not only are the rearmament plans only on paper for the most part, for we have not yet one single additional aeroplane ready or near it, but the Admiralty chiefs are proving their muddle-headedness. They are going to waste tens of millions, wanted urgently for the air and for lighter warships,

in huge ungainly battleships which in the Great War were already out-of-date. They also intend to scrap, for no sensible reason at all, five very serviceable "C" class cruisers, at the very time when the Admiralty are anxious to raise the cruiser strength from 50 to 70, and when cruiser shortage is one of the grave defence problems of the hour. The reason they are proposing to poleaxe, as Mr. Churchill calls it, five cruisers is solely because the Government interprets the London Treaty as a binding obligation. This despite the new building programmes of Italy, Germany and France and the repudiation of the Treaty of Washington by the Japanese.

Imbecility—if that is the adequate word—could scarcely go farther and it is not sufficient that the House of Commons should be mildly sarcastic about this matter. The cruisers are needed, dozens more are required, and the Government should be

told straight out that the cruisers must be retained and the Powers notified. The whole business reeks of something dishonest, some internationalist plot to get this country down.

The other really grave danger is our foreign policy. What is going to be done in regard to Italy? Signor Mussolini has held out the olive branch. Signor Grandi has told Mr. Eden that it is urgent to achieve a measure of Anglo-Italian understanding. Italy, says Mussolini, desires to restore her age-old friendship, and is ready to guarantee our rights in Lake Tana, the Blue Nile, and in Egypt generally. Italy can be

a staunch friend and a dangerous enemy. Which is it to be? Is Mr. Eden going to be allowed to go to Geneva and still support Sanctions because Russia and a few small countries want to drag us into a war with Italy? In our own interest we should refuse to have anything more to do with Sanctions and should withdraw our Fleet from the Mediterranean, since its presence is worthless and only leads to strained relations.

That Mr. Baldwin will take such steps does not seem probable. He has shown absolutely no *savoir faire* at all in foreign affairs, a man without convictions, blown hither and thither by every stray wind, the man who placed Eden in charge of the Foreign Office because he dared not support Sir Samuel Hoare, and he has since then pursued merely a policy of drift. He tells the country he refuses to accept responsibility though Mr. Eden is his nominee and can only act by permission of himself. Our paralysis in diplomacy is only on a par with our new defences programme. It is most disquieting.

Pacifism, anti-British propaganda, Inter-

nationalism are all raising their ugly heads, and will drag us into a premature war unless some stern and determined British leader emerges and calls a halt. What these people need is to be told the truth, to have their eyes opened to the dangers they are invoking. But this will never be so long as Mr. Baldwin is Prime Minister and Mr. Eden is Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Red Propaganda Exposed

By "PATRIOT"

IN every sphere of the artistic world, in all things, in short, which help to make life other than all work, we find the sinister hand of the Soviet propaganda.

Literature, Art, Education and the Theatre are all becoming steadily Sovietised, and made to take their part in the world-wide Anti-God campaign.

Recently, a conference was held in Prague, representing many nations, and meeting with the avowed object of forming a "United Front" (eternal slogan of Moscow) against God and all Religion.

It comprised the International Freethinkers' Union and the Militant Soviet International Proletarian Freethinkers. They met to strengthen their position and to bring into one organisation all the major and minor Anti-God movements under one general, controlled and trained by Moscow.

This Movement is to ally itself to all "Progressive Cultural Movements" in all countries, with organisations of the intellectuals, artists, actors, teachers, physicians and prominent personalities.

It insists that this cultural support must be "closely linked up with the popularisation of the achievements of cultural progress in the Soviet Union."

This seems to be a plain declaration of policy, and it is to be applied to the British Empire, with all the many religions which we, in the past, have officially defended and encouraged.

Take the case of India, where a new form of Government is to be set up, with chaos as a result.

What steps have been taken to defend India against Soviet propaganda? What greater weapon for civil war than to stir up the almost fanatical devotees of say, Hinduism and Mohammedanism.

Can we expect these sensitive and excitable peoples to remain untouched by the subtle propaganda of the Soviet Government?

It may well be that we shall rue the day when this menace was allowed to develop unchecked in our great dependencies.

How many of our great daily papers are willing to warn the people against this danger? Column after column devoted to murders, divorces and disasters of all sorts, yet the greatest disaster which could befall the peoples of the world would be the success of this Soviet-inspired campaign.

The most glorious of wars, that of "Pro Deo," could be waged in an equally subtle way, were the best minds of the press to realise the imminent danger.

Are we, like Peter, going to deny our Lord?



Sir Thomas Inskip

MOSCOW INTRIGUES

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

QUITE recently Moscow uttered an ominous and threatening warning that, if England continued to make friendly overtures to Germany, Soviet Russia would form an alliance with Italy. It is inconceivable that — unless he were driven to desperation—Signor Mussolini would ever consider such an alliance. This ebullition from Moscow can almost certainly be regarded as another piece of Soviet propaganda and lying prophecy, also as a sign that the dictators of the Kremlin are getting uneasy and that they are afraid that their carefully laid plans may miscarry — that the antagonism and hatred they have so assiduously fostered, between England and Italy on the one hand, and England and Germany on the other, may after all not end in the armed clash which was intended.

hopes that those who have hitherto supported her may be alienated. The Soviet have found that, in spite of the campaign of defamation and vilification which they have so cunningly instigated against Italy, a campaign which has unfortunately taken almost complete possession of the public mind, there are still a few friends and adherents who refuse to be shaken in their old love and allegiance, who see in Italy—as in Germany—a bulwark against the insidious evil of Bolshevism, and it is these friends and adherents whose loyalty the Soviet hope will be shaken by the announcement of Signor Mussolini's projected pact with the forces of evil, of Communism and disintegration.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR

The secret power which, directed by Bolshevism, is trying to gain control of Europe, has indeed for long been making its preparations for a war, which they have openly stated must break out this year



Stalin, the Bolshevik leader, does not want England and Germany to become too friendly. He is seen in conference, with Eden, his mouth-piece in England, at his elbow.

This will not be the first time in history that Soviet Russia will have seemed to make an entire *volte face* in policy, but it proves what meaning pacts and alliances have in the minds of Stalin and his satellites, and it also proves that they will use every underhand method, every means in their power to create further animosity, suspicion and distrust between the great Powers, in order to sow new discord at a moment which is already fraught with menace to the peace of Europe.

The announcement of this contemplated pact is intended to cast further discredit on Italy in the

"before the harvest in Germany is gathered in." Every nerve is being strained to this effect, every art and subterfuge and wily, cunning trick is being used to intensify the already overstrained tension, and set alight a conflagration which will consume Europe from end to end.

Do any of the great Powers really desire this war?

England is certainly in no position to fight at the present moment. Herr Hitler has made his magnificent offer of peace to the world. Signor Mussolini has repeatedly given his assurance that

he is working for the same ends, though the possibility that Sanctions may be intensified at the coming Council meeting at Geneva makes it necessary for Italy to push forward her military preparations, while at the same time she views the visit of Haile Selassie to England—in spite of its being supposedly unofficial—with bitter distrust and suspicion, seeing in it the danger of a Sanctionist rally which might make any co-operation between the two countries utterly impossible.

And yet, in an interview given to the *Daily Telegraph* on May 27th, Signor Mussolini has voiced his desire for conciliation and has declared, "Not only is an Anglo-Italian *rapprochement* desirable but it is necessary, and for my part I will do everything which lies in my power to bring it about."

WISH FOR FRIENDSHIP

Asked whether the continuation of Sanctions would bring about Italy's withdrawal from the League, Signor Mussolini answered that, if Sanctions were continued, the problem of remaining in the League would present itself in an urgent form, but that the cessation of Sanctions would produce a general easing of the position and would open up a favourable prospect for stabilisation and collaboration in Europe.

At the end of the interview Signor Mussolini once more stressed his ardent wish for friendly adjustment. "I beg you," he said, "to make everybody understand that Fascist Italy wants



MUSSOLINI will have no truck with Moscow.

peace and that she will do everything which lies in her power to preserve peace. War in Europe would be Europe's catastrophe."

These words of Signor Mussolini should be taken into consideration at the same time as the solemn warning uttered by the Pope a short time ago.



HITLER—enemy of Communism.

His Holiness was replying to an address by Cardinal Sereti, the Primate of Hungary, and his words have unfortunately not been given sufficient publicity in the Press. "A common enemy exists to-day," he said, "who threatens everything and everyone. It is Communism which seeks to penetrate everywhere, and has unfortunately already penetrated in many places by violence, stealth and fraud. It is deplorable that many people do not see or pretend not to see the common peril, and even help that destructive force."

CRAFTY COMMUNISTS

Already, on May 19th, a meeting of the Communist party's Central Committee revealed, by the speeches which were made, that Moscow was determined to use all its influences to prevent an Anglo-German *rapprochement*, and would do all within its power to draw England into the Franco-Soviet bloc.

Let us now listen to the voice of reason as uttered by Signor Mussolini and to the grave warning of the Pope and refuse to be hoodwinked any longer by the crafty lies, the insidious intrigues and vile fabrications of the Kremlin. Let us unite together to combat this evil and save our beloved country before it is too late.

It is to be deplored that we have no statesmen in England with the same foresight as Hitler and Mussolini. However their enemies and detractors may revile them, it is entirely due to their courage and their untiring struggle that both Italy and Germany have repulsed the Soviet's attempts to imbue these two great countries with the poisonous and suicidal teaching of Bolshevism, which has now ruined Spain, which is spreading over France, and is trying to gain control in England.

The Church and Pacifism

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

IT is indeed high time that those clergy who profess pacifism were denounced, for they are possessed neither of common sense nor of Christian authority. It was the old Hebrew prophets who dreamed of the lion and the lamb lying down together and who named the coming Messiah the Prince of Peace. Christ himself said that there would be wars and rumours of wars and that He had come to bring "not peace but a sword."

Inspired by righteous anger, He seized a whip and used force against the profaners of the Temple, nor did He go about speaking everyone fair and avoiding causes of strife and contention. On the contrary! He frequently denounced the religious people of the time as "vipers and hypocrites," because they clung to the letter and forgot the spirit. Worse — He named them "whited sepulchres . . . full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness."

Is this the pacifist attitude?

Though He mentioned war, He added no denunciation of war, but pronounced that "when a strong man armed keepeth his palace his goods are in peace." "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" was His command, and St. John in the Book of Revelations tells how the mutiny in heaven was met: The Archangel Michael did not call a peace conference, he went to war!

THE GREAT LESSON

Not one word of denunciation of war occurs in the New Testament. True, there is the command to love one's enemies. There is no command to love the enemies of the state, and there is no command to love one's enemies as one's friends, or to imagine that they are friends. To refrain from vindictiveness and to consider the future good of one's enemies is Christian. To proclaim that one's enemies are not enemies is pacifist and ridiculous.

The great lesson of the New Testament is Christ's condemnation of negation. The man who refrains from action is the man who is condemned, and pacifism is the very essence of negation.

Yet men who avow themselves Christian ministers have made it their business to go about proclaiming pacifism as an essential part of Christianity! Their sermons have been broadcast and their every effort so gladly and complacently countenanced by those in authority that young men cannot be found for the Fighting Forces, and not until the last few months have Ministers of the Crown protested against this insidious work. Not that, even now, the National Government has protested as an entity! Far from it! Mr. Baldwin

still prefers to fawn on that strange body, the League of Nations Union, and Mr. MacDonald, of course, is a living incentive to pacifism of the worst type, for is he not the arch-example of the war-time traitor who has succeeded to wealth and position?

No, the National Government dare not denounce pacifism. It was far more likely to join in the Peace Procession which certain parsons organised for Empire Day. One of the gentlemen concerned, a few months ago, proposed a "peace circus." Perhaps the procession was intended as the first turn—or, should it be, tumble?

Even while the Minister for War was denouncing pacifism, the Air Ministry was coldly refusing to co-operate with one of the few women's organisations which has set itself firmly against the rot. Its leader states that she is daily bombarded with letters from pacifists denouncing her as a war-monger and worse, and that at the meeting of women organised by the B.B.C. a few weeks ago she was surrounded by an angry group of pacifist propagandists—the sort Mr. Baldwin so gladly receives in deputations.

PACIFIST HYSTERIA

Pacifism is, of course, simply an hysteria. It has no connection with Christianity and none with commonsense. Some months ago the Archbishop of York discovered that pacifism is a heresy, and I commented in these pages on the length of time it had taken him to discover this simple fact. Those comments apply equally to all who are so belatedly denouncing pacifism. Pacifism cannot be right in 1926 and wrong in 1936. Why was it not denounced, and roundly, long ago?

To the mentality of those many who still proclaim it a virtue it is impossible to do justice! As we have seen, there is no shred of evidence in the New Testament to support their contention, and those Free Church Ministers who would petrify their audiences with the question, "Would you kill for your country?" should change it to, "Why do we kill for our convenience?" For it is an awkward fact that pacifists have neither explained nor faced that the casualties from motor cars in the reign of King George exceeded the casualties of the war.

Even pacifists, with all their spiritual pride, will hardly dare to pronounce themselves greater Christians, or gentlemen, than Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and he has a word for them. "Give me leave to live and die in this opinion, that he is not worthy to live at all who, through fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour."

Eve in Paris

THE Académie Française has of late suffered the loss of some of its most eminent members. None will be more regretted than Henri de Regnier.

Born at Honfleur in 1864, he felt no urge to a military career, although his ancestors had distinguished themselves as gallant soldiers. After completing his studies in Paris, he decided that literature was his vocation. In his early twenties he produced a volume of short poems in which José Maria de Hérédia instantly recognised talent. The youth soon became a frequent visitor at the great man's house, and, at Leconte de Lisle's reunions, met Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme and Verlaine—the group which was to become famous as “Les Parnassiens.”

In 1896, de Regnier married one of the three charming daughters of Hérédia, securing a perfect life-companion, of tastes akin to his own, for she was a writer of distinction, known as Gérard d'Houville.

The poet loved all forms of literature. Novelist, essayist and philosopher, he did not disdain journalism and was literary editor of the *Journal*, contributed to the *Débats* and the *Figaro*. On one occasion the Master said to a journalist: “My friend, a writer is a man who requires 300 pages to express what you would say in 300 lines.”

Tall and aristocratic in appearance, in manner reserved, and even cold to strangers, he was beloved by his intimates, who were not many. A passionate lover of nature, flowers, beauty, he was something of a misanthrope, modern life, in many of its aspects, jarring on his too sensitive nature.

His greatness as a writer is acknowledged, but his fame will doubtless grow with the years, and the author of “Medailles d'Argile,” “La Cité des Eaux,” “Le Miroir des Heures,” will be counted among the greatest poets France has produced.

* * *

THE first definite offer of a portfolio in the new Cabinet was made to a woman! Oddly enough, although her sex disqualifies her from voting, or from sitting in Parliament, a woman may hold office in France as Cabinet Minister, and Madame Joliot-Curie may become Minister of Public Health, or Under-Secretary of State for National Education.

Madame Irene Joliot-Curie and her husband are joint winners of the Nobel prizes for research in chemistry of 1935. It was while working with her mother, the famous discoverer of radium, in their laboratory, that the young scientist met her husband, Jean Joliot, like herself an ardent worker.

They speak enthusiastically of their discovery of artificial radio-activity, in which they see almost unlimited powers of healing.

Will Madame Joliot-Curie consent to leave the Curie Institute and her charming home at Seaux,

where she and her husband devote their evening leisure to their two children, a boy of four and a girl of nine? It is doubtful, but the fact remains that a concession to the Feminist movement has been made, the first step taken towards giving women a part in governmental affairs.

* * *

IF anything more were required to show thinking men the tragic absurdity of political conditions in France, it is the picture of M. Blum, resting from his labours in forming a Cabinet, which the Moderates and the financial interests will accept and support, and heading a Socialist-Communist triumphal procession to the “Mur des Fédérés” at Père Lachaise. On the following Monday the Bourse manifested its opinion of the future head of the Government's action by a heavy fall in French securities.

Every year the Communists march to this “Mur Sacré” demonstrating in honour of their comrades who, in 1871, made a last stand there, and were shot down by the authorities they defied.

M. Blum was surrounded by a group of the Left Wing, Thorez, Marty and Cachin. There were feeble cheers for the Socialist leader, but deafening shouts demanded “les Soviets partout” and clenched fists were raised in the Communist salute whilst the Internationale and the Carmagnole, reminiscent of the Revolution, were sung.

There is, however, another “Mur Sacré” where the following day quiet crowds went to pray. Before taking flight the Communists committed a last dastardly act, arranging for the massacre of the 67 hostages they held. The Archbishop of Paris, the Curé de la Madeleine, and others were shot in their cells, but on May the 26th the remaining prisoners, chiefly clerics and monks, were put against a wall in rue Naxon, meeting death with calm courage, while the savage mob jeered and howled.

* * *

THE marriage of Lord Decies and Mrs. Henry Symes Lehr, was celebrated by special licence in the bride's beautiful house in Rue des Sts. Pères. The witness for the bridegroom was Mr. Leslie Allen, and for the bride, Mr. Stephen Szlapka.

It was a quiet affair, but the previous day Mrs. Symes Lehr, wearing her famous pearls, had held an immense reception for her friends in Paris. As Lady Decies, she welcomed them again the day after the wedding.

There was no honeymoon, Lord Decies being compelled to leave his bride and fly to London on business, returning in a day or so. Lady Decies will then resume her Wednesday receptions until the end of the season, a charity fête taking place under her auspices on June 11th.

This Deceptive Calm

By Robert Machray

WITH the termination of the Italo-Abyssinian War, Europe is once more at peace. Yet there has never been a time when, to quote the non-militant Archbishop of Canterbury, in his address to the Convocation of Canterbury last week, the "international situation was more restless, more confused, and more dangerous to the establishment of peace" than it is at present.

Three months have elapsed since Herr Hitler startled the world by marching his troops into the Demilitarised Zone and reoccupying the Rhineland, notwithstanding the treaties. That event produced a marked reaction in France, Poland and the Little States of the Continent, but no military steps were taken against Germany, and her forces have dug themselves in behind the frontier. On March 31 Hitler elaborated the peace proposals he had made earlier and France, a week later, brought forward her counter-proposals. There was really nothing in common between them. If both sought peace, it was after a totally different fashion, any favourable result being quite problematical.

TACTLESS QUERIES

At that stage the British Government was commissioned by the other non-German Locarno Powers to get into touch with Hitler for the purpose of elucidating certain obscurities in his Memorandum of March 31. Our Foreign Office took a month to hammer out the *questionnaire*. It was presented to the German Foreign Minister by our Ambassador at Berlin on May 7, and it is still being considered by Hitler. This is scarcely surprising inasmuch as it starts by inquiring whether Germany is now in a position to make and honour "genuine" treaties—not the most tactful of queries, to say the most for it, and others were even more direct.

Two days after the receipt of the British *questionnaire* at Berlin, Signor Mussolini informed the world that Abyssinia had been annexed and the King of Italy proclaimed Emperor of the conquered country. The announcement was made in the most forthright manner, and there was no mistaking the truth that the League of Nations could not have received a more deadly blow. It was clear that the policy of Sanctions had failed, though that policy had been supported by the British Government. On May 11 the League Council met and adjourned, but without removing the Sanctions; the chances are that these will be withdrawn this month, but whether they are or are not, the wrecking effect on the League of the Italian triumph remains.

It is not too much to say that no State now puts its trust in the Geneva Institution. Some statesmen, politicians, and others profess to see hope of peace in a reconstruction of the League, but,

supposing such a thing possible, it is undesirable from every point of view. Judging from the persistent antagonisms of Europe, they are far more likely to be right who declare that any such reconstruction, with the effect desired, is impracticable. At any rate, this is the point of view of the Little States, for while still ostensibly clinging to the League so far as words go, they are doing their utmost to provide against eventualities by concentrating might and main on their defence.

Czechoslovakia provides a most impressive example. Born of the patriotic labours of Masaryk and Benesh, and long nourished by their political genius, this small State suffers the great disadvantage, particularly as things are, of occupying a poor strategical position in the centre of Europe. It is a democratic and essentially a peace-minded country, but it feels threatened by its big neighbour on the west. No more enthusiastic supporter of the League was to be found, though it prudently allied itself with France, as well as Rumania and Yugoslavia. Yet Benesh warned his countrymen last year that a State which "did not persevere to the very end in defence of its independence and territory could easily be sacrificed *notwithstanding the League*."

NO DEFEATISM

Dr. Benesh, now President of Czechoslovakia in succession to Masaryk, goes up and down the country making patriotic speeches to the Army, for the support and expansion of which the people of the country were asked last week to subscribe to a loan for about £24,000,000, in excess of the Budget Estimates and an annual military equipment fund. It may not seem a prodigious amount to us, but it is enormous for Czechoslovakia. A large part of the money is to be devoted to fortifying the frontiers of the State. It is obvious that the lesson to be derived from the failure of Geneva has been well and truly learnt, and that there is no vile suggestion of defeatism in this gallant little land.

But how symptomatic all this is of the true nature of the deceptive calm now prevailing! Another indication, most significant in the circumstances, was given in a speech to Pilsudski's old legionaries, also last week, by General Rydz-Smigly, the Chief of the Polish Army, when he said that the defence of Poland *now* came before every other consideration, no matter how important, for the whole Polish people. He spoke with gratitude of some poor peasant who out of his penury had contrived to send a mite for the National Defence Fund. What a magnificent spirit! Some of us may say that the position of England is very different from that of Czechoslovakia and Poland. In some ways, yes, but not in the essential of defence; until that is adequate we are in danger every hour,

Baldwin Changes His Mind

A New Light on the Italo-Abyssinian Affair

By Focus

WHILST foreign nations in general labour under no delusions regarding the true motives which influenced the British Government in their policy regarding the Abyssinian affair, it appears to be a fact that there are a great many people in Great Britain itself who do foolishly believe that our Government was actuated by some high moral principles and ideals, and by fidelity to their pledged word to the Covenant of the League.

Nor can they be blamed or criticised for this belief and trust in their Rulers. The noisy "sanctionists" and the League of Nations fanatics never for a moment cease from preaching from the housetops how high-minded they are, and how necessary it is for the Government to restrain and punish the "aggressor" nation, and to fulfil its contract with Geneva.

Now it is only right that such appeals to our honour and to our sense of justice, *provided they are genuine*, should influence public opinion. The average Englishman (and the average Englishwoman is of course included) has a very strong sense of honour and respect for his plighted word. But the whole of this particular campaign has been camouflaged in such a disgraceful mass of hypocrisy, misrepresentation, suppression, and downright lying, that the public has in the result been entirely misled, and has never properly understood the fundamental facts of the case.

ITALY'S CLAIMS RECOGNISED

To begin with, all this Abyssinian business did not, as one might gather from the Government's attitude, suddenly descended upon them from a clear sky to their intense surprise and indignation. On the contrary, it had been the subject of diplomatic activity over a long series of years. Omitting the earlier stages of the affair when Great Britain recognised Italy's special claims from as early as 1891, we may jump to the post-war period, to the year 1925, when Abyssinia had actually been admitted as a member of the League of Nations. In this year the British Government, under the premiership of Mr. Baldwin, and the Italian Government came to a mutual agreement on the whole matter.

This agreement took the form of "Notes" exchanged between the two Governments, and in order that the reader may have a clear and accurate conception of the proposed arrangements, and to avoid any accusation of verbal inaccuracy in describing these arrangements, it is as well to quote certain extracts from the British Note *verbatim*.

The British Ambassador at Rome writing to Signor Mussolini on the 14th December, 1925, says:—

"... I have therefore the honour, under instructions from H.M. Principal Secretary of State for

Foreign Affairs, to request Your Excellency's support and assistance at Addis Ababa with the Abyssinian Government in order to obtain from them a concession for H.M. Government to construct a barrage at Lake Tsana, together with the right to construct and maintain a motor road for the passage of stores, personnel, etc., from the frontier of the Sudan to the barrage.

"H.M. Government in return are prepared to support the Italian Government in obtaining from the Abyssinian Government a concession to construct and run a railway from the frontier of Eritrea to the frontier of Italian Somaliland...."

"In the event of H.M. Government, with the valued assistance of the Italian Government, obtaining from the Abyssinian Government the desired concession on Lake Tsana, they are also prepared to recognise an exclusive Italian economic influence in the west of Abyssinia and in the whole of the territory to be crossed by the above-mentioned railway. They would further promise to support with the Abyssinian Government all Italian requests for economic concessions in the above zone."

And in his reply dated 20th December, 1925, Signor Mussolini agreed to accept these proposals.

BALDWIN'S BARGAIN

The above are, of course, only extracts from a long despatch, but they are sufficient to demonstrate that as long as ten years ago Mr. Baldwin not only was aware of Italy's ambitions in Abyssinia, but he formally proposed to assist her in obtaining her desiderata in return for Italy's assistance in securing our concessions at and around Lake Tsana.

In this connection it only remains to add that the Notes from Great Britain and Italy, practically demanding the concessions in question, were duly presented to the Negus, no doubt in the confident expectation that the Negus, overawed by the joint pressure of these two great nations, would at once give way and grant them what they wanted. But here they met their match. The Negus, after a period for reflection, unexpectedly laid the whole matter before the League of Nations, and the damning exposé which followed was too much for the two Governments concerned, and they hastened to climb down with as much grace and agility as the circumstances permitted.

What a position for the Prime Minister of Great Britain to have placed himself in! Here we have the man who in 1925 tried to force Abyssinia to agree to certain proposals from Italy now agreeing to the continuation of sanctions, and running a serious risk of war with Italy in order to hinder her in doing what he himself so strongly approved ten years ago.

He may have his excuses in a divided Cabinet, and in the pressure from pacifist war-mongers, but with the true facts of the case before them the public can now judge how much of Mr. Baldwin's policy is due to expediency and how much to his convictions and to his conscience as a man of honour.

Spend on Army Training

By Major G. H. Reade

WE know to what extent the "generosity" of the Government is to be extended to improve Army field training. "Improve" is the correct word, for year in and year out it has been hammered into the minds of those responsible for financing adequate field training that without it the Army could never expect to be efficient. It is the bone, meat and essence of a soldier's life.

In 1925 there were Army manœuvres—the highest form of field training—as opposed to mere Army exercises. These cost £100,000, not a large sum to ensure efficiency.

From 1925 to 1935 there were no Army manœuvres of any kind, nothing but exercises carried out in the vicinity of peace stations.

Last year, after very considerable public pressure and the realisation of the changed international situation, Army manœuvres took place in Hampshire. The area was all too small; the period all too short. Compared with the manœuvres of foreign nations, they were ridiculous, with no serious attempt to use any mechanised forces for the simple reason that the space was too confined.

It has been urged and urged that Army manœuvres should be made a big and important feature of the annual national programme, as it is in other countries; authorities have pleaded for combined Navy, Army and Air Force manœuvres; that the area should be a big one, whether in England, Scotland or Wales; that we should learn a great deal more about the capabilities and mobile powers of our mechanical vehicles, and give plenty of room for tank tactics and scope for tank leaders to exercise their strategy.

THE MAIN SCHEME

And this year, with the knowledge that there are large sums of money to be made available for defence purposes, the Government produces a main scheme which costs barely £50,000.

The area which has been chosen for this main field training scheme is roughly a small parallelogram—almost a square—in Surrey and Sussex. It extends from Guildford to Tunbridge Wells on the north, Tunbridge Wells to Lewes and Newhaven on the East, Newhaven through Brighton and Worthing to Bognor Regis on the coast, and from Bognor Regis, *via* Midhurst and Haslemere, to Guildford on the west. Say a square of roughly 55 miles a side, if as much.

Into that area practically two-thirds of the troops at home will be concentrated "to play at soldiering."

For that is all it is under modern conditions. They cannot go outside these areas, for the Army Manœuvre Act will not be in force a yard outside

these limits. Any tank could race round the whole perimeter in half a day, and across it in an hour and a quarter.

The whole manœuvres will be impregnated with artificiality, which is fatal for real values to be obtained from the training. Artificiality has been the key-word for fifteen years of our field training; it will be perpetuated for the sixteenth. Only one day when England is invaded will artificiality cease to be; the country will then face facts.

There are many soldiers who think very valuable lessons could be gained and great benefits result to both leaders and led if the Government took North and Central Wales, or a large area of Scotland, and put the efficiency of the Army as superior to the well-being of game coverts on stocked moors. It would give new and more difficult territory, develop new ideas, create new ambitions, and generally give new interests to all ranks.

The Army is tired to death of Salisbury Plain and its environs, the scene of more training this year, for it knows every rabbit-hole in the place, and a good deal of the area now chosen is so well known that a large number of staff officers could walk or drive blindfolded over it.

STARVING THE ARMY

It is not a question of money, nor the country not being able to afford it. A brief comparison with the expenses of field training in other years will prove this: In 1927 field training cost £130,000; in 1928, £138,000; in 1930, £115,000; in 1931, £110,000; in 1932, £70,000; last year, £140,000; and this year the same. So there is no more to be spent this year than last year, and only £70,000 more than in the year of the great financial crisis.

The Army has been starved. No serious effort is being made to nourish its needs. Except for the comparatively small sections of the public which live in the training areas, and the very small section in the garrison towns, the great body of the British public see nothing of their Army; it is largely a name.

Is it any wonder there is a grave shortage in Army strength? No effort is made to interest the people, such as a change each year to new training areas would afford.

Ninety per cent. of the people do not know what Army field training means. If they did, if they saw our troops from time to time, then interest would be quickened and from many areas which to-day scarcely turn out a young man for service in the Army many young men would come.

When will Whitehall learn sagacity and common-sense and, putting away the old leaven of antiquated ideas and practices, launch out into the new, the practical and the obvious?

Spotlight on the Soviet

By K. L. Alexander

IT is six months ago since the Republic of Uruguay severed relations with Soviet Russia. The rupture followed the discovery by the Uruguayan Government that the recent rebellion in Brazil had been both directed and financed through the Soviet Legation in Monte Video. It would seem that this, the only Soviet Legation maintained in South America, owed its existence to its convenience as a central office for Communist propaganda work throughout the continent.

The event was obviously one of primary importance in international affairs, and as such, was accorded great prominence in the press of practically every country in the world. In fact, the only exceptions appear to have been Russia and England. It is quite understandable that Stalin and Co. should take care that this catastrophe was carefully ignored by the propaganda sheets which serve as newspapers in Russia nowadays, but in the case of our own country, with its much-vaunted journalistic independence, why was the event glossed over with the barest mention?

It is not every day that a Government is publicly indicted of employing diplomatic confidence and hospitality as a cover for inciting and subsidising revolution in a friendly State. The case becomes unique when it is proved beyond any reasonable doubt that such an instance of outrageous abuse is merely a single sample of what the offending country has declared as its policy in international relations.

THE BLIND EYE

In the newspapers of other countries the facts have been fully disclosed with appropriate comment. Citizens of those countries are thus armed in some measure against the infernal doctrines that may reach them as a result of hospitality extended to Soviet diplomats in their own lands. But the British public and the British Constitution is not so protected. Our newspapers, almost entirely subservient to a self-styled "National" Government, displayed a peculiar, if not sinister blindness to this sensation which was exciting the rest of the world.

As a result, it would be no exaggeration to say, that only a very small minority of the English public are aware that the breach has occurred, while the number of people informed of the facts of the case is negligible. Here are some excerpts from the Uruguayan note to Moscow:—

"Following the recent troubles which have taken place in the neighbouring Republic of Brazil, the Brazilian Ambassador in Uruguay informed the Minister of Foreign Affairs that the rising had been found to have been entirely Bolshevik in origin. It has been proved beyond any possible doubt that the Soviet Government not only encouraged Bolsheviks in the neighbouring and

friendly republic to revolt, but furthermore that it gave them direct assistance through the agency of the Soviet Legation accredited to our country . . . the proofs furnished to our Government by the Brazilian Embassy, and confirmed through our own channels, proved that the Soviet Legation in Monte Video transmitted some very considerable sums by cheques payable on demand."—(*L'Europe Nouvelle* quotes the total amount as 350,000 dollars).

The Uruguayan Note went on to state that the Government was in possession of proof of the association of the Third International and Luis Carlos Prestes, Chief of the Brazilian revolutionary party. It quoted extensively from the speeches of delegates to the Third International 1932 conference (a fact which must have occasioned uneasiness in Moscow and elsewhere) and proved that considerable attention was devoted at that assembly to the question of revolutionary propaganda in South America.

ONE SINISTER BODY

To forge the next link in the chain of evidence—to identify the Comintern with the Soviet Government—the Note quoted the closing words of a speech dealing with South American propaganda, made by the Dutch delegate, Van Maine, at that Congress.

"The Communist Party and the Soviet Government are inseparably allied: they are one. Only their development differs, nor can they be distinguished except by the nature of their activities. One works under the name of the party in the sphere of domestic and international propaganda, the other represents the authority of the State alone."

The Note concluded: "Whereas limits are fixed to the authority of the Uruguayan State in regard to diplomatic representations abroad, and in consequence it is impossible to obtain possession of certain proofs; whereas, on the other hand, there are sufficient reasons for removing one of the sources of the recent violent troubles in a neighbouring and friendly republic, and being moreover convinced that the Soviet Legation in Monte Video was the centre of a Bolshevik plot which had such bloody results, the President of the State in agreement with all his Ministers, decrees the severance of diplomatic relations between the Republic of Uruguay and the Soviet Union."—*Journal des Nations* (Geneva.)

With its customary amazing impudence, the Soviet Government replied that the charges were entirely without foundation; that it could not assume any responsibility for what was said at the Congresses of the Third International and that it entirely ignores the activities of the Communist Party in Latin America.

A HUMBLE PETITION TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING
FROM HIS LOYAL AND
DEVOTED SUBJECTS
who Honour Him as their Only
Leader

YOUR MAJESTY,

YOU ARE A GREAT AND MIGHTY MONARCH, BUT, YOU ARE **MUCH MORE** THAN THAT, A DEARLY LOVED KING WHO REIGNS BY LOVE IN THE HEARTS OF HIS PEOPLE; AND I AM WRITING THE THOUGHTS OF MILLIONS WHO LOOK TO YOU, THEIR KING, IN THIS TERRIBLE TIME OF STRESS TO DELIVER THEM.

WE WANT TO HAIL YOU AS OUR MAN OF DESTINY WHO WILL FREE US FROM OUR PERPLEXITY — TO REINSTATE US—AND HEAL OUR WOUNDED PRIDE WHICH HAS FALLEN SO LOW.

Italy has her Mussolini: he is *her* Man of Destiny. In fourteen years Mussolini—the son of a blacksmith—has made Italy as strong as she was weak—and delivered her from the corruption and treachery that was consuming her.

Germany has her Hitler, a former house-painter: he is Germany's Man of Destiny. He has raised Germany from being the under-dog of Europe to heights from which she defies the world, and all Germany adore him, and hail him as their saviour.

EVEN AS THE DUCE HAS RAISED ITALY TO THE TOPMOST PINNACLE AND THE FÜHRER HAS MADE GERMANY INVINCIBLE, WE WHO LOVE YOU LOOK TO **YOU**, OUR BELOVED KING, TO BE OUR LEADER, THE ONLY LEADER WE CAN TRUST TO SAVE US—AND WE IMPLORE YOU TO DO FOR YOUR EMPIRE AND YOUR ENGLAND WHAT THESE TWO MEN HAVE DONE FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

Lead us, Oh! my King, and we are ready to follow you *to the death*.

That England soon
All the world can see—
But we who love her
And that's the task for

Treacherously deceived by Politicians who are traitors to their duty—betrayed not once, not twice, but *many, many times*, as you, Sire, *know only too well*, we are tired and sick of *their lies and chicanery*.

WE WANT **YOU**, SIRE, **YOU** OUR KING. THE OTHERS ARE ENEMIES—FALSE AND TREACHEROUS AS HELL—WHO ARE WORKING TO DRAG YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE DOWN TO DESTRUCTION BY BRINGING WAR ON AN UNARMED NATION.

WISE MEN DO NOT DESPISE THE COUNCIL OF A WOMAN; HEAR ME THEN, OH! MY KING, FOR I LOVE YOU AND ENGLAND, AND EVERY WORD I WRITE IS THE INSPIRED TRUTH; THAT IS WHY THEY FEAR ME.

I HAVE PUT MY WHOLE HEART AND SOUL INTO TELLING THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND FACTS THESE LEADERS HIDE FROM THEM. FOR I BELONG TO THE BULLDOG BREED AND I WILL NOT ONLY BARK AT BUT BITE MY COUNTRY'S ENEMIES.

FAME AND HONOUR ARE DUST AND ASHES TO ME.

I AM WEARY PAST ENDURANCE OF SEEING ENGLAND BEING FED WITH LIES, AND I WOULD GIVE MY LAST BREATH, AND EVERY PENNY I POSSESS, TO DELIVER MY DEAR COUNTRY FROM THE DISASTER THAT EVIL MEN ARE BRINGING HER TO, AND I AM NOT ALONE—ALL MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN AND COUNTRYWOMEN WHO ARE PATRIOTS ARE WILLING TO DO LIKEWISE FOR OUR COUNTRY AND FOR YOU OUR BELOVED KING, THE ONLY LEADER WE NOW CAN TRUST OR WOULD FOLLOW.

n may cease **TO BE**
a se—**WITH GLEE.**
he must set her free
sk for you and—**ME**

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION NO LONGER EXISTS EXCEPT AS A SNARE AND DELUSION TO ENTRAP **YOU, SIRE—but its true spirit would pervade, unite, invigorate and vivify every part of your realm if you were our leader** instead of the knaves who are dragging us down.

We, your people, are now like caged lions, with teeth and claws extracted, battling against the bars of pig-headed political incompetence and venality.

BUT YOU, SIRE, KNOW WHAT THE BRITISH PEOPLE DO NOT KNOW. Your throne and perhaps your life are in jeopardy. Remember Russia. In justice to yourself and to your people we now beg you to bring back **TRUTH AND REALITY** to England, for which she has always been so famous. Use, Sire, your Royal prerogative as a Constitutional Monarch to get rid of the political hacks who would destroy you and your Kingdom.

THEY DARE NOT resist or gainsay this Right that is yours.

Queen Victoria commanded her ministers and they obeyed — and you have the **ABSOLUTE RIGHT TO DO THE SAME.** Summon these men, the greatest enemies England has ever had, and give them your ultimatum. Cowards and poltroons that they are, they will crumble at your feet.

You have the whip-hand, Sire, use it. The fate of England and the fate of all those whom you love is in the balance. Before it is too late—and the sands are rapidly running out—strike and the weapon to strike is in your hand to-day.

I am, your Majesty's humble, devoted and very loving servant,

LUCY HOUSTON.



OUR BELOVED KING—WHEN CROWNED AS
PRINCE OF WALES.

FIDELITY

By Dan Russell

THE farmer's wife stood in her chicken run with a bowl of grain under her arm. At the end of the run which abutted on to the open fields were six small coops each of which housed a hen and her brood of chicks. The woman made a clucking noise and cast handfuls of grain on the ground before her. The little yellow chicks hastened forward for their evening meal. The air was full of their shrill voices as they disputed over the grain. Fully seventy of them there were, little balls of yellow fluff which bobbed up and down as they pecked at the morsels of corn. The hens, shut in their coops, called fussily to their straying children and fluttered against the bars as they tried to join the feast.

The woman emptied her bowl and stood watching the chicks as they fed. Suddenly, without a warning, a shadow darted from behind the hedge. Right to the woman's feet it came, and as it passed a chick was seized by a set of vice-like talons and borne shrieking away. So sudden was the raid that the woman had no time to move in defence of her chicks. Almost before she realised what had happened the sparrow hawk had disappeared behind the hedge. The hens clucked in fear and their chicks ran to the shelter of the coops, for even they knew the terrible menace of the sparrow-hawk. But just as the babies ran to sanctuary, a second hawk flitted down to the run and another chick was captured. Carefully the woman shepherded her charges into their coops and shut them up for the night. Then she went to seek her husband, for she knew that once they had started, the hawks would continue to raid the chicks.

A HANDSOME PAIR

The two sparrow-hawks flitted down the hedge-side with their victims. They bore them to a little copse some half a mile away from the farmhouse, and it was noticeable that they never ventured into the open. Always did they fly beneath the cover of the hedges. In the copse they perched upon a tree stump and plucked their prey. Then they tore it with their hooked beaks so that soon, only a few frail bones remained to tell of the meal that had been eaten. They were a handsome pair, these freebooters of the hedgerows. No more than twelve inches in length, and most of that length was of the tail, short-winged and longish-legged. In colour they were greyish-blue with a hint of red about the head; their undersides were buff and barred with brown. The upper mandible of the formidable beak was curiously waved like the edge of an old, blunt saw. Their eyes had the fierce yellow glare of the killer.

When they had eaten, the evening was deepening into dusk. The hawks flitted to a tall fir tree and roosted securely in the midst of the thick screen

of boughs. Side by side they slept upon the same branch, and when the sun awoke them on the following morning, they flew off together. They worked the hedgerows methodically, one on each side. Their progress was marked by the warning "clink, clink," of blackbirds, which, however, only served to terrify the small birds which were the hawks' prey. By thus driving on either side of a hedge they secured their prey with a minimum of effort, as the terror stricken finches and sparrows, seeing an enemy on each side, became absolutely panic stricken and very often made little or no attempt to escape.

All day the hawks alternated between the hedges and the covert. After each kill they rested, shoulders hunched, to digest their food. But soon they would be awing again, seeking for something to kill. Not only did they feed upon small birds, but also mice and rats, and when they were feeling particularly energetic, a young rabbit. Not often did they stoop on rabbits, for all but the very youngest are too strong for these little hawks.

BACK TO THE FARM

The afternoon wore on and the hawks worked their way towards the farm. They heard the farmer's wife enter the run and heard her call to her chicks. Then swiftly and silently the female hawk swooped over the hedge and down upon the feeding chicks. But as the grey shadow flitted down, a man arose from behind the row of coops, a man who raised a gun to his shoulder and took rapid aim. There was a sharp report and the hawk reeled in her flight. Then she was gone. And no puff of feathers in the air showed that she had been hit.

But hit she had been and hit badly. Desperately she flew for the sanctuary of the covert. Her wings were heavy and blood dripped from her open beak. But, though she swayed and dipped in her flight, her terror of dropping in the open field urged her on. Slower and slower grew her flight, more and more convulsive grew the rapid wingbeats. She was no longer a hunter of the hedgerows, a terror to all small things, she was just a wounded creature, flying desperately for the safety of the trees.

And she got there. That fierce energy lasted until she was beneath the shelter of the friendly wood. Then, suddenly, she flopped to earth. Upright upon the ground she stood, supported on her outstretched wings; bright blood dripped from her beak, and as she breathed she wheezed, a horrid sound like the crying of a baby.

And there her mate found her. He alighted beside her and caressed her with his beak as though trying to ease her distress. For some time he stayed with her, gazing at her with puzzled eyes. After a time he flew off, but he was soon back.

bearing in his beak the body of a greenfinch. Solemnly he plucked it and laid it before her. But she did not heed it, and the red blood dribbled down upon the little corpse. All that night he stayed with her upon the ground, and when the morning came she was still alive and in front of her lay five more small birds ready plucked for her by her mate.

Next night she was not dead, that hawk. She was no longer wheezing, but motionless and the blood had caked upon her beak. The small birds

in front of her numbered ten and there were, besides, two mice. All day the male hawk had come and gone with his pitiful offerings, as if hoping that his attentions would ease her hurt. But in the small hours before the dawn her life went from her and she fell forward upon the offerings of her mate.

The sun came up in splendour and shone on the little covert, on the body of a dead hawk which lay on the ground and on a living bird which perched in a tree above and waited, waited.

Exploring the Stratosphere

THE National Geographical Society of America has recently issued a report on the latest stratosphere flight which it sponsored.

The daring adventurers into the unknown were Captain A. W. Stevens and his assistant, Captain O. A. Anderson, and the flight took place in a metal gondola which was tested against water pressure of 42 pounds per square inch, with porthole glasses tested to 100 pounds per square inch. The balloon was four times larger than any previously constructed, and towered 315 feet into the air when inflated.

The flight was preceded by an accident which might easily have proved disastrous. Hard frost had made the balloon fabric stiff; when helium was introduced under high pressure, it accumulated in one part and split the fabric.

A repair was made, but this could not have decreased the anxiety which both men must have felt. The balloon had to be patched at the top, and this is where the greatest strength is needed in order to support the gondola and ensure that the gas does not escape.

The ascent began from an immense natural basin in the earth's surface. Above the latter, there was a steady breeze of eight miles an hour to be taken into consideration. The balloon shot up at great speed, and then for some reason began to drop until there was a grave danger of it settling on the many spectators.

Ballast was discharged as quickly as possible, and fortunately the balloon was checked in its descent and began to move rapidly upwards. Valves were opened, until at 12,000 feet the rate of ascent was moderated.

Whilst it rose steadily to 16,000 feet, the two men were engaged in checking the rigging on the upper surface of the gondola. Dangling ropes and ballast sacks were cut adrift, constructed into neat bundles and released, attached to parachutes so that they would not injure anyone who might be standing on the earth, three miles below.

As they ascended higher, rarification of the air gradually made breathing difficult. The hatches were sealed; the scientific atmosphere plant was set in motion, with sacks of caustic soda to absorb the stale air, and intricate instruments began their important task of recording scientific data about the venture.

At 40,000 feet it was very cold. Frost formed on the portholes within ten seconds of the latter being cleaned. As they went still higher it became warmer until, warmed by the sun's rays, the temperature of the gas inside the balloon was four degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. Outside, the temperature was 110 degrees of frost.

The ascent ceased at 72,395 feet, leaving only one twenty-fifth of the whole of the atmosphere above them. At sea level, the weight of the earth's atmosphere will support a 30 inch column of mercury. At this great height, the mercury was only just over one inch in height.

Instruments checking the passage of the cosmic rays revealed that they travelled at 150 times their ground level rate. A package of fruit flies was carried on the flight, being exposed throughout to the action of the cosmic rays. From the three survivors of the larvae of these flies, experiments will be carried out by American scientists to study the possible effect of the rays on living matter.

At 72,395 feet, the earth appeared to be a huge expanse of monotonous brown plain. Roads and houses were invisible; railroads could only be recognised occasionally, and the larger homesteads looked like small rectangular-shaped enclosures. Here and there, streams could be discerned by streaks of green vegetation, and when the sun was reflected from the surface of water, rivers and lakes could be discerned more clearly. There was no sign of any form of life in the shape of man or beast.

The descent began slowly, but increased in speed as the envelope shrank under increasing pressure. At 16,000 feet, the hatches were opened, and ballast in the shape of batteries which had worked the instruments, sacks of lead shot, and liquid air conditioning chemicals, was attached to parachutes and dumped overboard.

The two men put on padded head-gear, and hooked a strap across the gondola which would give them support against the shock of landing.

As it reached the ground, the gondola turned over on its side, the balloon fabric bellying out over the flat prairie surface. The adventurers were safe with a great achievement behind them, after drifting for about 300 miles over Southern Dakota.

C.H.

**We invite our readers
to write to us express-
ing their views on
matters of current
:: :: interest :: ::**

WHAT OUR

An Open Letter to Mr. Baldwin

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

In the following open letter I feel sure I am expressing the views of all Conservatives towards Mr. Baldwin's "wobbly" tactics:

Dear Mr. "Sealed-Lips,"

When are you going to accept what even you must recognise is inevitable and, to borrow a phrase from our American cousins, "scram out of it"? Surely you do not imagine the electorate of this country are going to put up with your shaky and dangerous tactics much longer?

When you "took the tape" off your famous lips at the Albert Hall meeting, you did not, as you had promised us, vindicate yourself in the eyes of the Conservative Party; instead, every word you uttered emphasised your utter inefficiency, and unfitness for the office you hold!

You are as clay in the hands of a potter where problems of any political significance are concerned, utterly incapable of making up your mind one way or the other.

You are supposed to represent the Conservative Party, but your antics savour more of Communism than anything else. Your association with the arch-traitor MacDonald needs a lot of explaining!

Your efforts, combined with those of the dangerous "Sanctions-maniac" Eden, to goad Italy to some act of desperation, are against the best interests of the country that you, in conjunction with your bosom friend MacDonald, have been instrumental in disarming to the point of suicide!

Your conduct in relation to the Hoare-Laval plan was the crowning folly of your pitiful career of lunacy. We will not dwell on your innumerable other blunders, they are too well known! But, if you will take a piece of well-meant advice, you will tender your resignation while you still have the chance, because already and however much you dislike the fact, the question of your successor is being discussed.

You are a blunderer of the worst order, since your blunders reflect not only on yourself, but on the name and credit of our great country!

No true patriot will be sorry when your lips are sealed for ever, as far as politics are concerned!

You can save your dignity, or what little you have left, by leaving for ever the counsels of the country you have betrayed and disgraced!

J. K. MILLS.

2, Balmoral Road,
Watford, Herts.

Men on the Spot

SIR,—The emphatic, published support of the Conservative Party for immediate restoration of order in Palestine looks better than it is. H.M.'s representative, staff, soldiers and police can look after the job, with the administrative support which should be taken for granted, but has sometimes, in still more distant places, been lacking in the past. But it would be infinitely better for Parliamentarians to enter into a Self-Denying Ordinance to say nothing about it until the situation clears.

The vast mass of Muslims who own King Edward VIII as their Sovereign are not likely to misunderstand the action of H.M.'s Governor to maintain or restore his authority; they have themselves wanted it too sorely before now, and not so long ago. It is a totally different thing for a powerful political party, with great and varied interests, to push its nose into the business, and that is what may be dangerously "misunderstood" (at least that is the word generally used).

O. C. G. HAYTER
(Indian Police, Retired.)

Betrayal of Conservatism

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Your Ladyship is right as always. Evil communications have corrupted Mr. Baldwin so that no longer is there a shred of true Conservatism left in his composition.

The Nationalism he has set up as his idol to worship is a Liberal-Socialist fake. Mr. Runciman can soothe his Liberal conscience over his association with Mr. Baldwin by pointing to the fact that the Government combine of which he is a member is very largely Liberal in tendency; no sacrifice of principle is required of Mr. Runciman (*vide* his recent speech).

Similarly and with even greater justice the "National Socialists" can claim—as they did at their Birmingham conference—that their star is in the ascendant and that they are the prime influence in the counsels of the National Government.

Could we have a better and more ludicrous example of the tail wagging the dog?

Mr. Baldwin's son has been more honest than the so-called honest Stanley. Mr. Oliver Baldwin has openly espoused Socialism, while his father hides his obvious Socialist creed under the cloak of "Nationalism."

How long is the Conservative Party going to put up with the treachery of its leader? Is it not obvious to everyone that in pressing for the continuance of the Nationalist label, Mr. Baldwin is in reality working for nothing less than the final suppression of Conservatism?

The mischief is that continuance in office appears to count more with Mr. Baldwin's Conservative Ministerial colleagues than the principles of their Party. He seems to have doped them, one and all, with his Socialist opiate.

Yet one thing is certain. Unless Conservatism can find in the near future a real and trustworthy leader who is prepared to fight for its principles, the Party will break up and disappear, leaving the country to take its choice of Governments from those whose politics vary from Pink to Red.

Leicester.

M. V. GRANT.

The Road to Moscow

MADAM,—

All true Conservatives must be grateful to you for your fearless and outspoken criticism of this extraordinary Government which our votes—ten millions of them—have placed in office.

Instead of "conserving and building up" the power of Britain and its Empire, this Government has made us the laughing-stock of the whole world. They have neglected our defences, made enemies of our oldest and best friends and as the avowed champions of world peace have stirred up trouble on every hand.

And how has this come about? Simply and solely because the guiding hand of the Government is not that of the lethargic resident in No. 10, but of Ramsay MacDonald, the old friend of Moscow.

The road the Government is treading leads direct to Moscow—and perdition.

And that is why Litvinoff is so happy and always ready with his advice to Eden.

What is this Nationalist stunt but another Front Populaire which is to make everything easy for the Communist Revolution Stalin has prescribed for us?

There is only one way to save this country from the dangers menacing it and that is, as you point out, to install a genuine Conservative Government with a genuine English policy.

And as a preliminary to this the Conservative Party must give the order of the boot to Mr. Baldwin and his gang of Socialists and semi-Socialists.

Chelsea.

J. H. RICHARDSON.

READERS THINK

Not Air-Minded

SIR,—In view of Lady Houston's patriotic interest in aviation, I was not surprised to see a picture of Amy Mollison adorning the cover of one of your recent issues.

It was what one expected of Lady Houston that she pay a tribute in her paper to "Our splendid Amy, Queen of the Four Winds."

And it was equally what one expected of the "National" Government that they should treat Amy Mollison's magnificent record exploit with indifference.

Any other Government would have hastened to confer upon her some signal honour worthy of her great achievement. But not this Government. They are not air-minded in the sense Lady Houston is. They have shown that already by contemptuously ignoring Lady Houston's patriotic offers for the defence of London.

They scorn the rarified air through which Amy so often wends her gallant way. The only air that appeals to them is the hot air of Geneva.

C. R. C. SIMPSON.

Hendon.

That Comic, Costly League

SIR,—A correspondent in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review* pointed out that the British Empire contributes considerably more than a quarter of the total revenues of the League of Nations, and he went on to ask whether we could not find a much better use for the eight million gold francs we spend on this fatuous institution every year.

The answer, of course, is definitely in the affirmative. But I would also like to remind this correspondent that the eight millions of gold francs per annum do not represent by any means the total annual cost to the Empire of this League.

One has also to take into account the not inconsiderable expenditure involved in transporting gentlemen like Mr. Eden and their entourage to and from Geneva, Paris or Berlin or Moscow, all on "League business."

If one were also to include the money spent or wasted since the League's inauguration in "playing at Conferences," the Bill would really be prodigious.

And if all that money had been spent on perfecting Britain's defences instead of chasing the will-o'-the-wisp "Collective Security," how much more secure would we have been and felt.

F. R. STEPHENSON.

Surbiton.

Argentine to the Rescue

SIR,—Argentine, it appears, is to provide the comic relief to the dismal drama of Geneva ineptitude.

It has asked that the League Assembly should be called concurrently with the League Council, and by this means it is hoped a way out may be found from the Sanctions impasse.

What a commentary on our own Government's blundering policy.

And is this sudden action on the part of the Argentine Government a return to the British Government for Argentine meat concessions that have in the past rather annoyed the Dominions?

Anyway, Argentine is to play the part of the little mouse who frees the British lion from his Geneva entanglements. And we ought to be duly grateful for this timely assistance.

The really appropriate ending of the drama would be for the lion to put finis to those who were responsible for tying him up. And perhaps this will happen—in the lion's—not Mr. Baldwin's good time.

KEITH DEVENPORT.

Portsmouth.

Baldwin Must Resign

MADAM,—

Thanks to Mr. Winston Churchill in the debate on our defences, we at last know the truth of the condition of them generally and how the interests of the Empire have been managed.

How Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald have the effrontery to face their fellow men after such scandalous disclosures, and keep the nation ignorant of our serious position, is beyond one's understanding, and for so doing they ought to be brought to account.

When a body of men like our Cabinet are placed in a position of trust to see that the nation's affairs are not jeopardised, and paid well for doing so, and when they are found to have neglected the most important power (the Navy) we possess for the safety of the nation, no punishment is too great for them.

Never has England been so humiliated and looked upon as a fourth class power, and never has a Prime Minister made mis-statement's of facts to save his face and then had to apologise.

It's terrible to think that our political life has been poisoned by such tricks as are at present adopted by Mr. Baldwin, and the sooner the country makes its voice heard and insists upon an immediate change in the Cabinet from Baldwin downwards, the better it will be for the Empire generally.

Fancy having to wait five months before the manufacturers can get tools to commence work on our armaments! Are we a nation gone mad to allow such men to play ducks and drakes with the safety of the country? Things are much more serious than the general public know of, and if they did, there would be trouble for a good many of the mandarins.

St. Leonards-on-Sea.

G.C.

Stop All This Pretence

SIR,—Politicians may pride themselves on their skill in distributing eyewash, but there comes a time when the electorate is no longer deceived.

And surely that time has now arrived. Who really believes in all this nonsense about preserving a "National" Party? Is it not obviously a subterfuge for keeping certain politicians more or less permanently in office?

Mr. Baldwin does not want to part with his old friends whose company ensures him freedom from all worry in formulating policy. "Nationalism" to him is, like Mesopotamia, a blessed word. It means just anything or nothing. And so long as the country stands for it, the result is security—not indeed for the country (who cares for that?)—but for the "Nationalist" propagandists.

One can understand Mr. Baldwin's point of view, even if one cannot sympathise with it. But since "Nationalism" in practice has brought nothing but muddle and mess into the affairs of this country, the general public must be getting more than a little tired of it and its practitioners.

Why not as a change and a relief revert, as Lady Houston suggests, to a "Conservative Government called by its rightful name"?

To continue this "Nationalist" pretence is merely to give all the Socialist cranks who have enrolled themselves under the "Nationalist" banner further opportunities of exerting their baneful influence.

Put a stop to it at once and Conservatism will have its chance—hitherto denied it—of restoring Britain to its old position of prestige and power in a much-disturbed world.

Brighton.

HENRY JAMES SOPWITH.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

The War to Come

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Germany is rearming at such a rate that in one or two years' time a weapon will be forged which will not submit to any sheath.

What prize worthy of such a weapon is the most likely?

Placing oneself in the shoes of an ambitious Germany, looking around at a powerful France and a powerful Russia, one would not hesitate in arriving at a definite conclusion.

German diplomacy in the future, as it has been in the past both in peace and war, will be to drive a wedge between the amicable relationship of Britain and France. Then a sudden attack on Britain by intense and continuous air raids on all our industrial centres, shipping, fleet and harbours might cause such chaos in our communications and amongst the civil population as to paralyse the military machine—such as it is.

France would immediately mobilise and rush to her Eastern Frontiers. Germany would say to her, "keep out of this and you won't be hurt." If French soil was left inviolate the French *poilu* could not be persuaded to attempt aggression upon and into Germany—in defence of Britain.

German diplomacy, ponderous and clumsy though it be, would off-set Russia by soliciting Japan as an ally, with the bribe of a free hand in Australia and New Zealand. Japan's desire for industrial and territorial expansion is exactly similar to that of Germany and, since they need not infringe, such a partnership is almost inevitable with a common and detested foe like Russia sandwiched between.

A bargain could be made with Italy on some form of partition of Austria. A common frontier could be formed in Austria, well away from the present frontiers which would be maintained separate and strong as a double

safeguard. The Sudan would, no doubt, be offered Italy as a tempting bait.

America's neutrality could be depended upon, especially with the prospect of an orphaned Canada being forced for protection to align herself to her powerful neighbour.

Germany's gains in the event of a quick success would be South Africa, Palestine, Irak and perhaps India. Lithuania and Czecho-Slovakia would then be over-run, and the old German dream of Berlin to Baghdad (or now Calcutta) would be realised.

In the event of failure, Germany could not be much worse off than she is now. By such an attempt she has everything in the world to gain and nothing to lose!

We should not be doing nothing in the meantime, but the whole essence of the matter is time.

Would we be given the time? Are we already too late?

All our vital centres are grouped within 200 x 100 miles, they are above ground and are inextricably mixed with the civil life of the people. Germany offers targets scattered over three or four times the area. Her military machine could function independent of what we might do to the civil population. Her aerodromes will all be underground, gas and bomb proof.

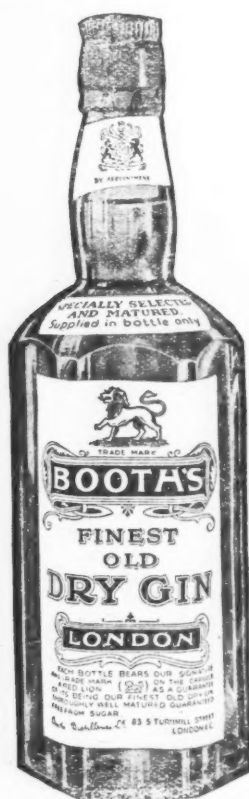
Germany cannot be depended upon to blunder a second time. We can mostly be depended upon to be tardy, to offer unnecessary sacrifices in lives and money AFTER the event is upon us, and so to struggle through to success in the last battle. Unfortunately, the last battle may be the first next time, and perhaps it is already lost.

The British Empire, and not Britain only must, without delay, mobilise all the resources of the Empire and create the largest air fleet in the world. Use this fleet for commerce and the closer binding of the Empire in the meantime, but train it and maintain it for WAR in order that PEACE and SECURITY may be our lot in the future.

"Highfield,"

13, Christchurch Road, S.W.2.

JAMES MELVIN.



Supreme for 200 years
BOOTH'S
DRY GIN
THE ONLY
Matured GIN

*Its unequalled
flavour & purity
are traditional*

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

Gambetta and Jefferson

By the Literary Critic

WAS Gambetta right or wrong when, after escaping from beleaguered Paris in a balloon in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, he set about frantically reorganising national resistance to the invader?

Many French critics have been inclined to endorse Thiers' condemnation of Gambetta as a "raging madman" for senselessly prolonging a useless conflict, while Germans, on the other hand, have not infrequently paid tribute to his patriotic zeal.

Mr. J. P. T. Bury, in his "Gambetta and the National Defence: A Republican Dictatorship in France" (Longmans, 21s.), has now afforded posterity the material for arriving at an impartial and carefully balanced judgment regarding this important period in Gambetta's political career.

After a thorough and conscientious sifting of all the facts, he sums up by saying that, though the Loire campaign did not succeed,

"There is abundant and striking German evidence to show how near it was at one time to success and that evidence is, I consider, full justification of Gambetta's strategy. The attempt was worth while: the Germans actually contemplated raising the siege of Paris. . . Was it merely a ruinous waste of blood and treasure? I have tried to show the injustice of judgment merely by the immediate practical result. The legends of the raging madman and of the heroic creator of armies are almost equally removed from the truth. Juster is the dry verdict of Clemenceau: 'He had conducted the war both well and badly but more badly than well,' but he certainly did conduct it and as well as he could."

America's Debt to Jefferson

The early days of the United States witnessed the beginnings of a fierce conflict that has never ceased to affect American politics: this was the struggle between two opposing theories of government advocated respectively by Jefferson (the principal author of the Declaration of Independence) and his great rival, Alexander Hamilton.

In the past it has been the Democratic Party which has been the strenuous champion of Jefferson principles, but it is the firm conviction of America's leading historian, Mr. James Truslow Adams, that in the New Deal President Roosevelt and the Democrats generally are not being true to the tradition they are supposed to be carrying on and on his adherence to which Mr. Roosevelt owed his electoral success in 1932.

To Mr. Adams, Jefferson is still a living and beneficent force. Hence the title of his book, which is partly a biography of Jefferson, but mainly a masterly historical survey of American politics—"The Living Jefferson" (Scribners, 12s. 6d.).

A Rhodesian Pioneer

"There is little romance left in Africa," is the verdict of Mr. Percy M. Clark, who, however, simultaneously comforts himself with the thought that he has at least had something worth while out

of the "rough and ready existence" he has led and the many experiences he has undergone in that part of the world.

The truth is, as Sir Herbert Stanley reminds us in his foreword to Mr. Clark's lively reminiscences—"The Autobiography of an Old Drifter" (Harrap, illustrated, 10s. 6d.)—this old Rhodesian pioneer boasts a keen sense of humour and is obviously not the kind of man to allow himself for long to yield to pessimistic reflections.

A Monastic Republic

It was some thousand years ago that St. Athanasios the Anthonite founded the first of the monasteries on the slopes of Mount Athos. From that beginning sprung the monastic republic that has endured through the centuries in this peninsula of the Holy Mountain despite all the many changes that have taken place in the ownership and suzerainty of neighbouring territory.

To-day under the protection of the Greek Government the Holy Community, the governing assembly of the twenty great monasteries, carries on the old governing tradition, enjoying a position that is unique in the modern world.

Professor R. M. Dawkins has visited the monasteries on four separate occasions, and his knowledge of the Greek language has enabled him to gather a large collection of legends, current among the monks, concerning the past life of the inhabitants of the Holy Mountain. In "The Monks of Athos" (Allen & Unwin, illustrated, 15s.) he gives us the result of his interesting research work, emphasising the point that

"These stories and traditions are of a kind that is found all over the Greek world, but nowhere is this atmosphere so definite and so pervasive as on Mount Athos. Taken together, the legends and ideas which I have collected present to us a way of looking at the world which has come down to us straight from the Byzantine age."

Glands and Vitamins

Health and personality, modern medical authority assures us, are much affected by the nature both of our diet and of our glands.

Absence of the necessary vitamins in the one case may, if unduly prolonged, produce the most dire results, while failure of certain glands or their excessive development may be equally important in influencing an individual's character.

To those who are interested in these matters one can recommend two books: "Vitamins in Theory and Practice" by Dr. Leslie Harris (Cambridge University Press, 8/6) and "The Glands of Destiny," by Dr. Ivo Geikie Cobb (second edition, revised and enlarged, Heinemann, illustrated, 10/6).

Both these books have the merit of being easy to read and devoid of technicalities likely to puzzle the ordinary layman.

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND—Continued

History and Travel

HISTORY written by a novelist may not always be wholly reliable, but at least it is not likely to be dull.

In his prologue to his "Kings of Merry England" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, illustrated, 18s.) Mr. Philip Lindsay confesses to having long been fascinated by the "intense humanity" of the Middle Ages, and his readers very soon discover on dipping into his pages how intensely human that period of English history can be made when treated in the Lindsay manner.

It is a cavalcade of nineteen kings of England that Mr. Lindsay presents to us—from "pathetic" Edward the Confessor down to the tragic, much "misunderstood" Richard III. And with what skill he re-endows them all with flesh and blood!

His book he modestly describes as only "a bridge to works of deeper scholarship." But it is something more than that, since it is a very real scholarship that has enabled him to bring these nineteen kings again to life.

And with the moral of his six hundred pages' story we may all agree:

"For these kings it is difficult to feel hatred. One can only feel pity or admiration. None of them were cowards and some were heroes.

"It is not a record of which England need be ashamed. It is a great heritage. What those men built is the nation in which we live; they are our ancestors, and we should look back upon them with love and feel pride at their achievements."

Travel Books

"A Chinese always starts a sentence with 'If'—a Japanese with 'Certainly.' From this fact alone we can see clearly which of the two races will rule the Far East."

Thus Herr Richard Katz in his "Rays From the Far East" (translated from the German, with a map and 35 illustrations, Hutchinson, 18s.)—a sort of sequel to the same author's "Loafing Round the Globe."

In this second volume, as in his first, Herr Katz jots down with light and humorous touch all the peculiarities of the various peoples he comes across in the course of a year's travel. And as he is a most intelligent and observant traveller and is endowed with a keen and piquant sense of humour, his log-book makes delightful reading.

"Through Forbidden Tibet," by Harrison Forman (Jarrolds, illustrated, 18s.), introduces us to one of the least known regions of that still mysterious country—the north-eastern corner, where the author succeeded in winning the friendship of a Living Buddha, discovered the existence of a female Buddha, took part in a punitive expedition against a rebel tribe and had encounters with bandits.

Mr. George W. Houghton adorns his amusing record of ten years' wanderings ("The Adventures of a Gadabout," Selwyn & Blount, 10s. 6d.)

with some very clever sketches of prominent personalities he met.

Mrs. Nora Alexander seeks to open out a new vista to those who love both beauty and adventure but have not a super-abundance of cash wherewith to seek for them. This new holiday-ground is Yugoslavia which, she tells us, is "easily and cheaply accessible" ("Wanderings in Yugoslavia," Skeffington, illustrated, 18s.). She paints a very agreeable picture of the people and country and the attractive photographs with which she adorns her book are an additional advertisement of Yugoslavia's many charms.

Exploring Papua

"The most difficult and dangerous patrol ever carried out in the whole island of New Guinea." That is how the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, in a despatch to the Commonwealth Government, described the expedition of which Mr. J. G. Hides writes so simply and modestly, but withal so impressively, in his "Papuan Wonderland" (Blackie, illustrated, 8s. 6d.).

The objective of the expedition was a vast area of hitherto quite unexplored territory lying between the Strickland and Kikori rivers and rendered almost inaccessible owing to the presence of a lofty and terrible limestone barrier, called by the Papuans the "broken-bottle country," "a desolate, silent land where only bandicoots and pythons can find a home."

The expedition, after encountering many hardships and risks from starvation, scurvy and attacks by hostile tribes, eventually won through to its goal, the avoidance of anything in the shape of disaster to this small band of explorers being obviously due to the fine courage and leadership of the youthful commander, Mr. J. G. Hides, and his single white companion, Patrol Officer O'Malley.

The Country and the English Scene

The country lover and naturalist will dip with joy and gladdened heart into the pages of Sir William Beach Thomas' fascinating anthology, "The Squirrel's Granary" (Alexander MacLehose, 8s. 6d.). With such an expert to do the choosing of prose and verse bearing on "the daily observation of things and thoughts belonging to the open air, of sea and cloud and landscape, of the ways of the living creatures (above all, the angels that are birds)" the result was bound to be excellent.

Messrs. Batsford specialise in beautifully illustrated books dealing with various aspects of the English scene. The two latest of these can be thoroughly recommended both for the superlative quality of their illustrations and the interest of their text. These are:—

"The Seas and Shores of England," by Edmund Vale (with a foreword by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Batsford, 7s. 6d.).

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 30. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 34 to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 3 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., from 41 gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLANDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 31 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- . Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £1 10/- . W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- . Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View, Bed., 9; Annex, 5. Pens., from 34 gns. W.E., from 35/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059.

ELY, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- . Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- . Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 28, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- . Lun., 3/- ; Din., 5/- . Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- . Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- . Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 28. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes. The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANWRTYD WELLS, Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum., £4 15/- . W.E., 30/- . Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalnally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 3 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 24 to 3 gns.

GORE HOTEL, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2, and cocktail bar. Pens., from 34 gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.-T.; Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- . Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 34 gns. to 44 gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY HOTEL, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. & c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA HOTEL, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 44 gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/- . Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- . Lun., 3/6 and 4/- ; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- . W.E., £1 7/- . Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/- . Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL HOTEL. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/- . 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- . Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/- . Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/- ; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- . Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 34 gns. W.E., 30/- . Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- . Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 34 gns.; W.E., 37/6. Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- . Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- . Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- . Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL HOTEL, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/- . Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 64 to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- . Lun., 2/- ; Din., 3/6; Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel, Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14/- . Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/- ; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon. — Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 64 gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT HOTEL, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- . Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/- .

WALTON-ON-NAZE—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3/12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing Sea. Telephone: 434711.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view.—Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNISLAND, Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTEMHAM SPA.—Visit the Bayhill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS HOTEL, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall. — Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Rea. Prop. Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE HOTEL, Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracadale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Lens Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best"—3-4 gns. Winter 2 gns.—Prop. Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

GOSWOLD, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-; Golf, ½ mile. Hunting, fishing.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch —a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 25/-. Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel, Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

DILKUSA.—Grand Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

INVERNESS.—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTH ROAD. Tel.: 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the Proprietress. Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binwood Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel, Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-; Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-; Golf.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LOCH-SHEIL ARGYLL.—Ardshealach Hotel, Achacraile. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-; G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexington Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. Phone. Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

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WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din. 3/6.

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OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

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SHANKLIN, I.O.W. — Cromdale Hotel, Kents Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

MISCELLANEOUS

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Australia and the Imperial Conference

From an Australian Correspondent

NOW that the date of the Coronation has been fixed, it will be possible to make plans for the Imperial Conference which is expected to follow immediately afterwards.

While the British Government and the Dominions agreed upon the desirability of holding the Conference at a time when Ministers from overseas were here for the Coronation, it was not easy to find a date suitable for all delegations to the Conference.

Australia has endeavoured — unsuccessfully, as it seems — to have the Conference held before the Coronation.

The reason is that the Lyons-Page Ministry's three years of office expire in September, 1937. It must go again to the country about that time.

It will be necessary for the Prime Minister and a strong Ministerial team to arrive in London in April. Allowing for a voyage of five weeks to Melbourne, they cannot well be home again before the end of July.

With the propensity of the Australian elector for turning out the Government in office, on the principle — especially noticeable in times of reasonable prosperity — of giving the other fellow a chance, Ministers will not relish the prospect of a serious election campaign after having already been absent from their departments for many months.

The British Government has, however, maintained a preference for an Imperial Conference after the Coronation.

In its view, the task of organising the Coronation and the many ceremonial engagements which that event will demand of British and Dominion Ministers would render full attention to the Conference difficult.

Other Dominions appear also to have preferred the later date, in some cases for reasons of Parliamentary convenience.

Failing to secure the Conference before the Coronation, the next best arrangement that may be hoped for from the Australian point of view, is that the Conference business may be disposed of in less than the normal six weeks.

There is, nowadays, little purely political business on the agenda of the Imperial Conference. Trade, defence and communications will be the main topics.

The visiting Australian Ministers share the view that much of the ground normally covered by the full Imperial Conference might, on this occasion, be cleared in advance by bi-lateral arrangements and informal conferences between Ministers of all

the Dominions who are, or shortly will be, in London.

Indeed, the present state of inter-Imperial relationships and the speed of change throughout the world seem to render necessary a revision of the practice of holding formal Imperial Conferences every four or five years.

The more ardently nationalistic Dominions might oppose the creation of a permanent body centred in London to promote quicker settlements of trade and other negotiations than can be achieved by large, five-party conferences.

But those with long experience of the protracted character of such exchanges, even with the maximum of goodwill on either side, realise that the system of consultation must be adjusted to the times.

The improvement in air communications should soon help to increase the frequency of Empire discussions.

With more careful planning and a better appreciation of the elasticity of modern problems, much of the formidableness of the five-party gatherings with their retinues of officials and their diffusion of effort should be overcome.

South African Defence

By G. Delap Stevenson

ON Monday, June 8th, Mr. Pirow, the South African Minister for Defence, is arriving in London for discussions with the British Government.

He is also Minister for Railways and Harbours and controls the Government-owned civil aviation of the Union, so the talks are likely to have a wide range over the inter-related problems of arms and communications.

South African politicians have always shown great attachment to the League of Nations; the idea of collective security gave them a pleasant sense of independence from the British Empire.

They are, however, realists. Already in 1934 Mr. Pirow had started a five-year plan for rearmament, and now that collective security has come to its Abyssinian fiasco, he is quick to consult the Imperial Government about the new situation.

South Africa may claim neutrality in a British war as a right, but her Government is looking at the facts of world interests and strategy, and sees the British Navy as their best defence.

"The freedom of my people and of my country is just as dependent upon it as England is herself," General Hertzog has said.

He also says that the British Fleet is there to defend British rather than South African interests, but that does not make it any less useful to South Africa.

General Hertzog's attitude may lack the ardour of loyalty and

gratitude, but it is sober and businesslike, and after all mutual interest is a more reliable basis for co-operation than sentiment.

South Africa is afflicted by various fears. There is the old instinctive dread of a black rising, particularly among the millions of natives north of the Union. There is the realisation that South Africa with its comparatively small white population offers tempting territory to an aggressor from outside.

Above all, he might be attracted by her enormous wealth in gold. South Africans are afraid, not only of an extension of European quarrels into Africa, but also of possible dangers from the unsettled East.

South African defence is founded on two principles: the defence of the coast and defence against natives.

South Africa claims that if she defends her coasts, she is doing the best service she can for Imperial defence generally, by making secure bases for the British Navy.

Both for coastal defence and against native risings, Mr. Pirow is putting his faith in aviation, and is planning a big extension of the embryonic South African Air Force.

The coastal forts are also being strengthened, and one interesting experiment is training officers as both pilots and gunners.

Like the other Dominions, South Africa has a skeleton professional force, known as the Permanent Force, which acts as the nucleus of the Citizen Force, only called up in time of war.

Conscription, for service in Africa, for all men between seventeen and sixty, is on the statute books, but actually compulsory training fell into abeyance after the war.

The Citizen Force consists of three parts, the Coastal Defence Force for the harbour forts, the Active Citizen Force somewhat analogous to our Territorials, and the Defence Rifle Associations—in which men at any rate learn to shoot.

When important enough, the Defence Rifle Associations form Commandos. The Commando is the traditional unit of armed and mounted farmers who provide their own guns, horses and equipment.

The Air Force is being developed on the same pattern, with a nucleus of professionals and a citizen reserve.

Under Mr. Pirow's plan the Active Citizen Force is being enlarged, and mechanisation is being introduced.

At the end of the five years he hopes to have 25,000 men capable of mobilisation in twenty-one days and a national reserve of some 100,000 riflemen.

One interesting recent development has been the establishment of a permanent Special Service Battalion for the unemployed. It is about 2,000 strong, and has to turn away many applicants.

South Africa has no Navy, but South African volunteers train with the British squadron. By agreement between the Union and the United Kingdom, Simonstown is a British naval base, the fortifications of which are maintained by South Africa.

It is apt to be a point of political controversy. Sometimes it is referred to as a Gibraltar, which has nothing to do with the South African hinterland, while at other times it is pointed to as South Africa's contribution to the British Navy.

Southern Rhodesian News

Mollison Magic

THERE would appear to be "bush telegraph" amongst the Europeans as well as the natives in Southern Rhodesia.

At nine o'clock on the morning of 11th May, a telegram was received in Salisbury saying that Mrs. Amy Mollison had suddenly changed the plans for her northwards flight and would probably reach that city within the next hour. No announcement was made in the Press, yet, almost immediately, the whole country for miles around became alive with cars tearing to the aerodrome.

Possibly the telephone had something to do with it, but that could not have accounted for more than a part of the concourse that suddenly assembled from everywhere and nowhere. For instance, the phone could not have started the scores of native ice-cream vendors who mysteriously appeared at the aerodrome and did a roaring trade amongst the spectators.

But bush telegraph failed after all, for, as will be remembered, Mrs. Mollison got blown off her course and landed at Umtali, 150 miles to the east. Nevertheless, the people of Salisbury had a splendid impromptu meeting in her honour, and many of them are wondering what made them go to it.

Southern Rhodesia is taking "coals to Newcastle" in the form of a gold block.

A specimen of gold in quartz found by a Rhodesian miner has been bought by the Southern Rhodesian Government for display at the Empire Exhibition at Johannesburg, the centre of gold mining in South Africa. The specimen weighs sixty ounces and half of it is pure gold.

The unusually high intrinsic value of Southern Rhodesian silver coins, which consist of thirty-seven fortieths of fine silver as compared with twenty fortieths in this country, has its drawbacks.

A Treasury notice, recently issued in the Government Gazette, places an embargo on the export from Southern Rhodesia of silver coins in any amount exceeding a face value of £25. The maximum penalty is a fine of £500 and the confiscation of the coins.

The total value of building permits granted in the five principal municipalities of Southern Rhodesia during January was £68,282.

This is an interesting sidelight upon the growing prosperity of the Colony, as the figures for the previous month were £25,680 and £21,548 for the same month last year.

Immigration—The Hornby Plan

A DETAILED plan for establishing British people on the land in Canada is set out in Brigadier-General M. L. Hornby's instructive booklet, "Canada and British Immigration," introduced in this page last week.

The following principles are given as a basis for formulating a settlement plan:

(i) The initial selection of migrants is the foundation of successful overseas settlement. This selection can be carried out best by those who know the characters of the intending migrants best—their fellow citizens of the same community. Those who select the migrants should accept responsibility for their selections, by undertaking to establish the selected migrants overseas, and by returning to their Old Country homes those who do not succeed.

(ii) All new settlement from the British Isles should be in the already developed districts, in close contact with established markets, not in outlying and not yet fully opened-up areas. Only really first class land should be purchased.

(iii) New settlers require close supervision and support—both agricultural and financial.

(iv) In order that supervision may be effectively exercised, the farms and other holdings occupied by new settlers should be grouped as closely as practicable.

(v) New settlers should be established first as tenants of fully equipped farms on a crop-share-rental basis, until they have found their feet. They should not be loaded down at the outset with debt, incurred by purchases of land, of equipment, and of livestock. They should not be encouraged to purchase land for themselves until they have proved their capacity to farm as tenants, and have saved some money.

(vi) New settlers who do not "make good" should be returned to the United Kingdom by those who sent them out to Canada.

To sum up, the essence of the Hornby Plan is that it provides the new immigrant with a home and a farm, on a tenancy basis, with agricultural training under expert supervision, and with financial backing, until such time as he has proved his fitness to farm on his own; then, and not till then, it provides him with finance to make his own start.

A Colonial Sandwich?

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya

MUSSOLINI is reported to be proposing to settle half his army of a quarter of a million men in the country they have occupied.

Obviously he has faith in White Settlement in Africa—and not without reason after what has been accomplished by the Italians in Libya and in Northern Africa by the French.

Perhaps Great Britain will deign to follow his example of encouraging the White Man? Surely, if one European race has faith in their own colour in Africa to the extent of successfully challenging the whole world, Great Britain might not actively discourage other Britons from settling in Eastern Africa and assist those who have done so?

However, judging by post-war history such a salutary example will be unperceived by eyes deliberately and invariably accustomed to dark glasses.

But another aspect may wake up the Imperial Government. Kenya has now a virile, confident, and well armed nation on her considerable Northern Frontier. Perhaps this fact will decide the issue simply because even the altruistic, apathetic British Cabinet does not yet awhile want to lose its grip on Africa.

At the other end of Kenya lies another long boundary, Tanganyika Territory, a Mandated country. Supposing, in spite of the cleverly worded protestations to the contrary, that it were later on given up as a "gesture" where would Kenya be? Nicely sandwiched between two well armed Powers! Kenya might then suffer the fate of all good sandwiches and be swallowed by any Power with even a moderate colonial appetite.

What would happen then to the Imperial Air Route to South Africa? Not to mention a large base on the Indian Ocean suitable for threatening the whole of our Eastern trade?

Admittedly the Empire has been assured that at present there is no intention of abandoning Tanganyika Territory, but of the future no such assurance is given. Who knows but that in six months or a year the handing over of a Mandate might not be well worth-while as a weapon for bargaining in Europe?

Such feelings of insecurity are unpleasant for those who live out their lives developing our Empire. What would be the feelings of the inhabitants of Kent if they perennially wondered whether they were to be handed over to France for some reason or other?

Mercifully there are still a number of patriots in Great Britain who will not allow bits of Empire to be used as pawns. To them at any rate the realisation of what a conquered Abyssinia means may force the Imperial Government to do everything in its power to assist British White Settlement in Eastern Africa.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Makers of the Punjab

By Professor A. P. Newton

DOWN to the end of the 'thirties of the nineteenth century the frontier of British India lay at the head of the Ganges plain and beyond there stretched the independent state of the Punjab that had been built up by a great ruler, Ranjit Singh, in the first quarter of the century.

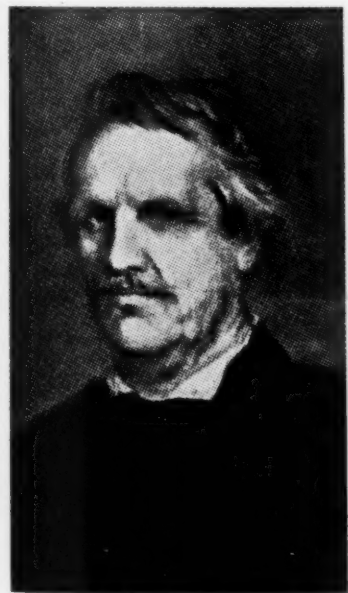
For more than a thousand years the Punjab had been the scene of constant fighting and anarchy, for it was the gateway province through which every invader fought his way in to conquer India.

The natural fertility which its five rivers would give to it was neglected and devastated and the people were generally depressed and famine-stricken from the raids and exactions of roving military adventurers.

The Sikhs, the Muslims and the Hindus who made up the population were filled with bitter hatred, one of another, and communal strife was incessant.

The strong hand of Ranjit Singh had brought about some measure of peace because he would smite hard and swift against any who opposed him, and his army was overwhelming in numbers and highly trained.

When the "Lion of the Punjab" died, the province sank back into



John Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of the Punjab during Indian Mutiny, whose maintenance of loyalty among the people of the Punjab largely contributed to the retaking of Delhi.

faction and anarchy, and in place of the peace with British India to which he had strictly adhered, the rival leaders of the Sikh factions carried their quarrels to such a length as to disturb the peoples under British control and thus compel the Government of India to intervene.

In those days, the 1840's, there was no telegraph wire from the centre of Government to the frontier and communication by letter was very slow.

An immense responsibility therefore rested on the shoulders of the officers in charge upon the frontier, and especially upon the Chief Commissioner of the adjacent district.

In these critical circumstances the Empire was particularly fortunate in having in command there two of the boldest and ablest men who ever served in India.

John Lawrence went out from his home in Northern Ireland at the age of 17 in 1829, and he landed at Calcutta filled with desire for adventure. At his own request he was sent up to the then remote frontier district round Delhi, and it was there among the most dangerous mobs in India that he learned the art of government.

For twenty years he served as magistrate and revenue collector, and by his remorseless energy and unflinching justice, he kept that turbulent region in subjection. He had little military force at his disposal, but it was by his character and determination that he won the respect of those over whom he ruled.

Lawrence must largely be credited with the victories of the first Sikh War, for it was he who provided from his district the stream of supplies that was necessary to enable the British armies to fight.

When the war was over, he took charge of the Punjab and with nothing but the aid of the Sikhs who had just been defeated he led them against any who disturbed the peace.

It was a triumph of personality, for he had not a single regular soldier at his disposal.

When the second Sikh War broke out in 1849, Lawrence again did enormous service in the hardest fought campaigns ever waged in India, and when the victory had been won and the Punjab had been annexed, it was to him at the age of 37 that the task of Empire-building in the new province was entrusted.

Among those who assisted him was another North Ireland man, John Nicholson, of the same age as himself who had already showed extraordinary bravery and daring while serving in the army in the first Afghan War.

Nicholson was a man of tremendous physique and vigour and he so impressed Lawrence with his natural ability that he was appointed to the command of the most difficult



John Nicholson, political officer in the Punjab, known as the "northern hurricane," for his immense energy and courage, and, with reinforcements marched from the Punjab, the capturer of Delhi.

frontier districts when the task of building up the government of the Punjab began.

There he acquired an almost legendary fame for his extraordinary exploits and was respected and admired by all the dangerous tribes along that dangerous frontier.

It was he and Lawrence who kept the newly-won province loyal in the dark days of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 and both of them have left an indelible imprint on the great and self-reliant province that the Punjab is to-day. It was their personality and their selfless devotion to duty that won them their fame.

New Cider from Ceylon

SAMPLES of de-fermented toddy which will keep fresh for a month have been received by the Coconut Board in Ceylon.

The manufacturers claim that the chemicals used in the de-fermentation process do not affect the wholesomeness of the beverage, which if put on the market would find ready favour for, while containing less alcohol than beer, it is claimed to be nutritious and as tasty as cider.

The Coconut Board has recommended that the Excise Commissioner be requested to include provision for the manufacture and sale of de-fermented toddy in the new regulations which are in course of preparation for submission to the Ministry of Home Affairs.

That the new cider should not contain more than four per cent. of alcohol is one of the regulations already drafted.

Cheap Money Doubts

By Our City Editor

THE decline in bankers' balances with the Bank of England has given rise to some doubt as to the continuation of the "cheap money" policy of the Government, but the Treasury promptly denied the suggestion of any change. Such incidents, however, give rise to misgivings as to how long the present ridiculous ease in money can be artificially maintained and as to the future of gilt-edged prices. The present high level of Government stocks cannot be upheld if the banks find it necessary to reduce their enormous investment holdings as they would undoubtedly have to do if any substantial revival occurred in international trade activity. Side by side with the continued management by the Treasury of cheap money, the note circulation is increasing by leaps and bounds and the total, which now constitutes a record, has grown by £35,000,000 in the past year.

At the moment a considerable portion of the blame for the recent increase in note circulation is being laid upon foreign hoarding due to fears for the future of the Continental currencies, but it will be interesting to note, in the event of devaluation by France and Holland, how great a reduction in the British note circulation results. It seems far more probable that the shifting of income from the rentier class, resulting from heavy taxation and the severe decline in interest rates, may start in motion the ball of inflation which the Treasury will find most difficult to arrest. The basis of inflation exists in this country to a very much less extent than in America, for example, but it is there, and if the Government permits a healthy rise in interest rates now, it may save considerable trouble later on. Whatever the Government's declared intentions, the outlook for fixed interest securities has certainly not changed for the better in the past month or two.

Tin and Tin Shares

The International Tin Committee have postponed consideration of an alteration in the production quota until their meeting towards the end of this month, and by that time it may be possible to see whether Bolivia can catch up on the arrears of exports due largely to internal troubles and shortage of labour. In the meantime, the future of the whole Restriction Plan is in the melting-pot and the Belgian Congo and Siam are demanding substantially larger allowances if they are to be parties to renewal at the end of the current year.

The four signatory Governments to the original plan, Malaya, Netherlands East Indies, Nigeria, and Bolivia, rightly consider the co-operation of Siam and the Congo essential to any future Restriction Scheme and agreement with the Belgian interests is apparently within sight, but negotiations with Siam have yet to be opened. It is to be hoped that Malaya's interests will not be sacrificed to pacify the rest, for she has already made considerable concessions in order to secure a rational state of production.

With Tin even at £190 per ton and consumption at its present level, the companies can make most satisfactory profits, but the uncertainty with regard to the future of Restriction is sure to keep the share market in a dull state. It is inconceivable that the producers as a whole will allow Restriction to fall through for the most chaotic state of depression for the vast majority of them would follow. Those who are willing to take a chance, therefore, can obtain big yields and a good prospect of capital appreciation if and when Restriction agreement is reached. Even such a good-class share as Pahang Consolidated can be bought at 16s. 3d. per 5s. share and the company has already paid interim dividends this year of 20 per cent.

Sanctions and Dividends

Those who were going for a dividend of 20 per cent. for the year by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and the whole of the Oil Market seemed to be expecting this rate, were sadly disappointed, for despite the good Shell and Burmah payments, "Persians" increased their dividend only from 12½ per cent. to 15 per cent., and the £1 stock units fell from 4 15/16 to 4 5/16, at which price the yield is still only 3½ per cent. The company's profits amounted last year to £3,519,183, an increase of nearly £336,000 compared with the previous year. Of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's ordinary stock totalling to £13,425,000, the British Government holds £7,500,000 and the Burmah Oil Company about £3,560,000. One imagines that a really substantial dividend increase by the company for the past year accompanied by the announcement of vastly improved profits would have given rise to questions in the House regarding the non-imposition of Oil Sanctions in the Italo-Abyssinian conflict.

"Sound" Property Investments

A number of Investment Societies of the co-operative type are offering attractive rates of interest for funds to be invested in property. In some cases the rate offered is as high as 6 and 7 per cent., "tax-free" under the regulations governing the co-operative society. It should not need to be added that the closest inspection of the security offered is essential, and the investor should by now know that a rate of over 5 per cent. is almost bound to be accompanied by some speculative risk.

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THEATRE NOTES

"Glamorous Night."

Coliseum

By Ivor Novello

I DID not like this play when it was at Drury Lane, and I like it still less in its twice nightly version at the Coliseum. What little continuity and design it originally possessed has completely disappeared in the shortened version, which now staggers its epileptic way to an indeterminate conclusion. The cast was hampered by some of the oddest costumes and only two, Barry Sinclair and Minnie Rayner, came through the ordeal with anything like credit. It was a painful evening, but Time is a great healer.

The Theatrical Garden Party

THERE is, I suppose, no section of the community which is more active in the cause of charity than that which comprises what is loosely termed the "Theatrical Profession." Whenever it is found necessary to raise money for any deserving cause, one of the first expedients resorted to is the organisation of a "Charity Matinée."

Actors and actresses of every degree from stars to "extras" never fail to give their services and their time unstintingly whenever a half-empty money-box is rattled in front of them. That the sacrifices they make are out of all proportion to the fleeting notoriety which they obtain nobody who has given his or her services on these occasions could possibly deny, and in only too many cases the truth of the old adage "it's the poor wot 'elps the poor" is painfully obvious.

Once a year the members of "the profession" devote their energies to their own pet charity, the Actors' Orphanage, and they ask for the support of the public whom they serve so devotedly. The Theatrical Garden Party is no mere frolic for those who take part in it; it takes months of careful organisation and entails an enormous amount of work both before and on the actual day. By seven o'clock in the evening scores of weary artists lunchless, dinnerless and sometimes voiceless are making their way back to the Theatre where an exacting audience expects them to give of their best at 8.15 sharp.

The Actors' Orphanage is always in need of funds because, alas, in this most precarious profession there will always be orphans with insufficient means of their own. The public is always generous when it sees a deserving case. Next Tuesday in Regent's Park it will have the opportunity not only to give some much needed assistance, but also to show its gratitude to a profession which is itself unceasingly active in the cause of charity.

C.S.

MOTORING

A Parliamentary Glossary

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

WE have heard a good deal lately about unilateral abrogation of treaties, about pledges, collective security, sanctity of agreements, giving a lead, being in complete accord, equitable distribution of burdens, preserving our traditional freedom, a square deal, and many other obscure phrases.

In the light of the Chancellor's expressed determination to introduce legislation for the purpose of breaking an explicit pledge regarding the road fund, a glossary of these terms may prove useful.

Unilateral abrogation of treaties: deliberately breaking a treaty in order to curry favour with the more fanatical of one's followers.

Sanctity of agreements: honouring one's obligations so long as one does not lose popularity by doing so.

Giving a lead: rendering one's country defenceless to please a clamorous minority.

Being in complete accord: framing legislation so as to lose one's Socialist comrades the fewest number of votes possible.

Equitable distribution of burdens: losing oneself the fewest number of votes possible by taxing further those already over-taxed and letting the rest off almost scot free.

Preserving our traditional freedom: passing fresh measures to restrict trade and deprive the public of amenities and devising further means of persecuting motorists.

A square deal: diverting to other purposes a fund entirely subscribed by motor owners and pledged to the improvement of the roads, at the same time anathematising motorists for the number of accidents.

The Promise

This glossary is necessary in order to understand the Chancellor's new policy. To understand it fully it is necessary to go back to the beginning. When the present principle of taxation—it was a pound a horse power then—was first imposed, it was feared that there might be an outcry from motorists all over the country. To anticipate this the Government promised, quite voluntarily and without any pressure being put upon it, that practically the whole of this sum should be utilised to improving the roads. This promise was regularised by being incorporated in the statute book.

Now in the present emergency, brought about by the Government's criminal neglect of our defences, I have no doubt that if motorists had been asked they would have voluntarily, without sacrificing their rights, have surrendered a part of this fund to help meet such pressing expenditure.

But the Government's present high-handed action is inexcusable. Moreover, what will be the effect on foreign nations, themselves no great treaty keepers? Surely they will say, if the British Government cannot keep its pledges to its own people, how can we expect it to keep them to us?

CINEMA**The Dionne Quins**

BY MARK FORREST

THERE are always two sides to every question, as my form master used to say graciously to me upon all occasions when my immature ideas came into conflict with his own maturer ones, or, as people put it now a little more pompously, there are two schools of thought upon all subjects upon which the world at large bothers its head. The foregoing is prompted by the appearance of the Dionne quintuplets in an ordinary picture.

During the course of *The Country Doctor*, which comes to the Tivoli next week, the remark is made that never before in the history of mankind have five children been born at a single birth and survived; and apparently this phenomenon is to be made an excuse for making as much capital for them and out of them as possible.

I, personally, detest all this kind of ballyhoo and am on the side of the children's parents who, if they have been correctly reported, have asked the doctor and the state for their custody and have been told to mind their own business.

Story of Their Birth

There is, however, the other point of view which is that, when people are rash enough to indulge in five children at a time, the state and the doctor should take the credit and the custody.

Acting for their own good then, the doctor and the state have allowed the story of their birth to form the basis of a picture which has few, if any merits, beyond their appearance. It is true that only approximately the last ten minutes feature the actual children, but it is the principle which one is either for or against.

Doctor Dafoe, who is in charge of the children and under whose technical supervision the picture is said to have been made, is played by Jean Hersholt, and there are one or two other quite well known screen actors and actresses in the picture, but when the doctor is made to say—"Sometimes I find it hard to believe that the coming of these children is anything but a fairy story, and I have only to look into their eyes and see their sweet smiles and hear their little voices to know that it's all come true and that miracles still happen," I think it better to let the realities alone.

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT

A Public Meeting will be held at
CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER

on

MONDAY, 15TH JUNE, 1936 at 8.30 P.M.
to demand the Immediate Abolition
of Sanctions against Italy.

Application for tickets should be made to F. VICTOR
FISHER, 49, HAVERSTOCK HILL, LONDON, N.W.3.

BROADCASTING**A Dissatisfied Staff**

BY ALAN HOWLAND

THE Press has been busy lately with rumours about the B.B.C. We learn that the staff is dissatisfied, that protest meetings are being held, that resignations may be expected, and we are left with the impression that Broadcasting House is a seething mass of intrigue and discontent. Nobody knows how much of this is true, how much intelligent anticipation and how much journalistic hyperbole. That there have been resignations during the last year is common knowledge, and each one has brought with it its meed of speculation and inspired guesswork.

The B.B.C. must not be surprised that it is perpetually enveloped in a mist of rumour. From the very early days it has shrouded its internal activities in a veritable fog of mystery. Although it is more in the public eye—or ear—than any other organisation, it has consistently refused to admit or deny any of the accusations which have been levelled against it.

Smoke Screen

Certain officials of the B.B.C., if encountered on neutral ground, are cheerful enough people with simple tastes and very little money with which to indulge them. Once they have entered Prospero's submarine in Portland Place and closed down the hatches they lose their identity, surround themselves with an acrid smoke screen of anonymity—except when they are accidentally photographed with "doggy friend"—and, for all I know, draw magic circles and make incantations to the Broadcasting deities.

The Aristocracy of all the Tallents has no right to behave in this furtive manner. It has a duty to perform towards its seven million listeners and no amount of Mumbo Jumbo or amateur Ku-Klux Klan should be allowed to prevent the licence-holder from knowing how his money is being spent or whether he is getting value for it.

The public is entitled to know whether there is dissatisfaction among the staff of the B.B.C., whether the charges of autocracy which are levelled at the governing body are justified, whether the resignations and dismissals which have taken place have increased the efficiency of the broadcasting service or otherwise and why some of the notorious incompetents are still pulling down big salaries.

So long as the B.B.C. refuses to answer these questions, so long will rumour be busy, and rumour, although she is sometimes described as a lying jade, has an uncanny knack of stumbling on the truth by accident.

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The Swiss Psychological drama

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